

HOMER TRAVESTIE.

VOL. II.

*Dilucida & negligenter quoque audientibus aperta ; ut in animum ratio
tanquam sol in oculos, etiamsi in eam non intendatur, occurrat. Quare,
non ut intelligere possit, sed ne omnino possit non intelligere, curan-
dum.*

QUINTIL.

If you would make a speech, or write one,
Or get some artist to indite one,
Don't think, because 'tis understood
By men of sense 'tis therefore good ;
But let your words so well be plann'd,
That blockheads can't misunderstand.

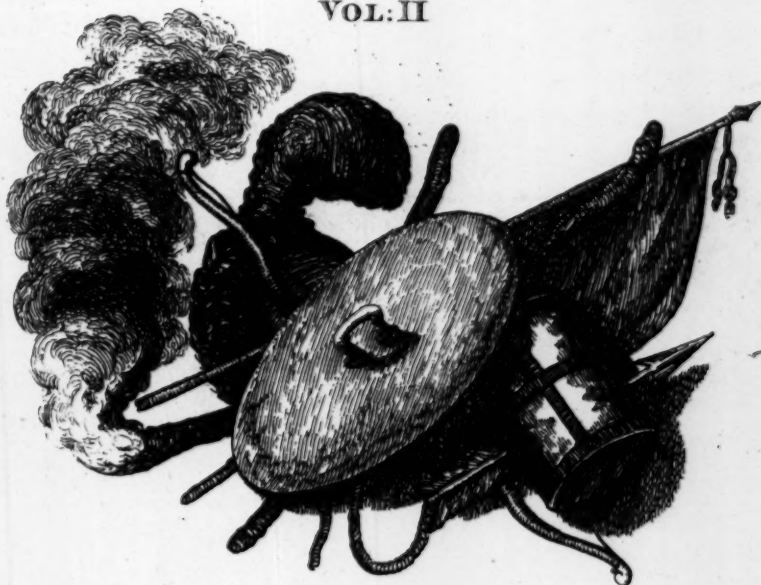
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A
BURLESQUE TRANSLATION
OF
HOMER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. II



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THE SEVENTH BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

Vol. II.

B

THE ELEVENTH BOOK

11



ARGUMENT.

WHEN Hector got upon the plain,
They fell to loggerheads again ;
Pallas, afraid Greece would not stand,
Prepar'd to lend a helping hand :
Apollo saw her tye her garters,
And straight resolv'd to watch her waters ;
On which he popp'd his body down,
And met her pretty near the town.
After a spell of small-talk prattle,
They both agree to cease the battle
For the remainder of that day,
But further Homer doth not say.
Then Hector came and puff'd his cheeks,
And sorely frighten'd all the Greeks,
Told 'em he'd box that afternoon
Their boldest cock, for half a crown,
Which scar'd 'em so confoundedly,
That every mother's son let fly ;
Tho' nine at least their names put in,
After they'd wip'd their breeches clean.
Nestor, who knew at any rate
Nothing but Ajax' knotty pate
Could stand his blows, contriv'd it so,
That he should draw the longest straw ;
On which these thick-skull'd champions fight
Till parted by one Mrs. Night.
Next, in a council, Troy's old pack
Of statesmen vote to send Nell back ;

But Paris by his bullying cool'd 'em,
Or else by brib'ry over-rul'd em ;
Then d——d his eyes if he would spare
Of all her stock one single hair
From any place that was about her,
But he would give the Greeks without her
All the hard cash she brought to Dover,
And double it five or six times over.
Priam a bellman sent to offer
The Greeks this advantageous proffer,
And beg a truce, to look about
And see who'd got their brains knock'd out.
The Greeks, tho' they were every bit
As poor as our great patriot P—,
When he began at first to slaver,
And stun the house with his palaver,
Yet, for a truth depend on't, I know
They all refus'd the ready rhino ;
But readily agreed, they say,
To cease all fratching for a day.
After both sides their arms had ground,ed,
And gather'd up their sick and wounded,
Old Nestor did their bricklayers call up,
And made 'em build a good strong wall up ;
At which old Neptune fell a-grumbling,
Till Jove, to stop his guts from rumbling
Promis'd the wall should soon come tumbling. }

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

THUS spake this Trojan heart of oak,
And thunder'd thro' the gate like smoke ;
His brother Paris follow'd close,
Resolv'd to give the Greeks a dose.
As when poor sailors, tir'd with towing,
And all their fingers gall'd with rowing,
Keep growling hard, but when they find
Jove sends a favourable wind,
No more each two-legg'd bruin swears,
But lends the coming breeze three cheers :
Thus welcome are these roaring boys,
Both to the Dardan troops and Troy's ;

And they who scarce the field could keep,
Now drive the Grecians on a heap.

Paris, to help to wipe his stains out,
Soon knock'd Menestheus's brains out ;
Areithous, a mousetrap-maker,
Seduc'd a very pretty quaker
To let him one unlucky night
Extinguish all her inward light,
And get this boy ; but tho' he thrash'd hard,
The urchin prov'd a graceless bastard.

Then with a most confounded whack
Eloneus tumbled on his back ;
An inch below his cap of steel,
A thump from Hector made him feel ;
Much stronger necks could not resist
Such blows from Hector's mutton fist :
Down tumbled he upon the plain,
But never found his legs again.

Next in the individual locus,
Iphinous was chanc'd by Glaucus :
The broomshaft's point his shoulder tore up
Just as he set his foot i' th' stirrup ;
Which chang'd the intended motion soon
From rising up to tumbling down.
Minerva's guts began to grumble,
To see her fav'rite Grecians tumble :
To earth she in a hurry popp'd,
And after her Apollo dropp'd ;
Both lit upon the self-same stone,
Like Flockton's puppets, Punch and Joan,
And, ere they did their talk begin,
Stood for a minute chin to chin.

Madam, says Phœbus, I'm your humble
And most obedient cum dumble ;
By Vulcan's horns I vow and swear,
I little thought to find you here !

I hope before you took this frolic
You felt no symptoms of your colic.
I heard, dear Ma'am, with all the knowledge
And wisdom that you lent the College,
A recipe they could not make
To cure your la'yship's belly-ache :
But had the great-wigg'd varlets thought on
The famous drops of Doctor Stoughton,
That would have done't : they eas'd my tripes
When all on snicksnarls with the gripes ;
And you'll experience, if you try,
They cure the gripes both wet and dry.
I therefore for the belly-ache
No other medicine will take,
Not even Ward's tremendous pill,
Nor sage prepar'd by Doctor Hill.
But, Ma'am, may I, without transgression,
Presume to ask a single question ?

Did not your ladyship whip down,
Slily to crack some Trojan's crown ?
I know the only sight you've fun in
Is when you see the Trojans running ;
But hold your fist a spell, and soon
Their huts and barns shall tumble down ;
For who can stand against the whims
Of two such d——d revengeful brims ?

When thus replies the scratching bitch :
Split me, if you ar' n't grown a witch !
I came for mischief here, and would
Have pummel'd Hector if I could ;
But after what you've said, I now
Would part 'em, if you'd tell me how ;
But they keep such confounded clatt'ring,
Whilst blood, and guts, and brains they're scatt'ring,
That Stentor with his brazen lungs,
Or Fame with all her hundred tongues,

One word amongst 'em cannot wedge,
Tho' set with e'er so sharp an edge.
Then how should I? for, without flatt'ring,
You know I ne'er was fam'd for chatt'ring.

To her, when she had done her prate,
Replies the god with carrot pate.
I know a scheme will do the job,
If you'll consent to bear a bob.
That, says the fighting jade, I'll do,
Tho' it should prove a bob or two.
Then, says the god, do you begin
Directly now to put it in—
Put what, ye hedgehog? says the jade.
Why, put it into Hector's head
To ride amongst the Grecian band
With an old backsword in his hand,
Then with a flourish challenge out
The boldest bruiser to a bout

At quarter-staff or cudgel play,
Or flats or sharps, or any way,
Till Greece, desirous to abase him,
Shall find some thick-skull'd knave to face him.

They then shook hands, their faith to pledge,
Then squatted down behind a hedge.
The moment that they disappear'd,
Helenus, who their chat o'erheard,
The breast of valiant Hector fir'd,
By telling him he was inspir'd.

Hector, says he, I dare defy
The crying prophet, Jeremy,
To tell more gospel truth than I :
That no more rogues to-day may drop,
Go you and all your shabroons stop ;
Then challenge, tho' the Greeks should stare,
Their best backsword or cudgel-player.

Away, and do not stay to grumble,
For be assur'd in this day's rumble
The devil will not let you tumble.

}

He said, and Hector rais'd his mop's
Long shaft, and all the Trojans stops :
On this the Grecian chief commands
His squabbling knaves to hold their hands.

Apollo and the fighting lass
Chuckled to find their scheme take place ;
Like owls in ivy-trees they sat,
To see which broke the other's pate.
The common rogues, as well they might,
Were glad to let their leaders fight :
'Twould please you much to see how soon
The rabble threw their broomstuffs down,
Then, with a clumpish kind of sound,
Bang went their buttocks on the ground.

As when a darkness spreads the streets,
One drunkard with another meets,
They roll, and mighty pother keep,
Till both i' th' kennel fall asleep—
Thus by degrees these sons of Mars's
Settle themselves upon their a—s,
When Hector, with a thund'ring speech,
Made half the Greeks bedaub their breech.

Ye Grecian bulls, and Trojan bears,
Attend, and prick up all your ears ;
Great Jove's resolv'd, to plague us all,
That broils shall rise, and stocks shall fall,
So orders war to rage anew,
Till you burn us, or we burn you :
Better to end it soon than late,
Or make a peace *inadequate* :
Therefore with both your ears attend ;
'Tis Hector counsels as a friend :

To hinder, ere the day-light closes,
More bloody pates and broken noses,
Find out a Broughton or a Slack,
That dares my knotty pate attack :
If I should fall in this dispute,
Or get my teeth or eyes knock'd out,
Without the least demur or racket,
O' god's name let him have my jacket,
And all my cash ; my carcase tho'
Amongst my friends to Troy must go,
There to be burnt ; and whilst 'tis frying
They'll make a concert up of crying :
But if, by Phœbus' aid, my thrust
Shall lay your Buckhurst in the dust,
I'll give his jacket to Apollo
For helping me to beat him hollow ;
His batter'd carcase I will save,
For which his friends may dig a grave

On the sea-shore, and o'er his bones
Lay one of Carr's black marble stones,
Which when some honest tar shall see,
As he returns from smuggling tea,
Thus to himself poor Jack will cry,
(Belching a soft Geneva sigh)
Here lies, beneath this stone so polish'd,
A Greek, by Hector's staff demolish'd ;
The stone acquaints us with the deed ;
I'd tell his name if I could read.

This speech so scar'd the Grecian prigs,
They star'd about 'em like stuck pigs :
When Menelau, of all the throng,
First found his feet, and then his tongue ;
For, jumping up from off his breech,
He sputter'd out this furious speech :

Ye men of Greece, why all this trimming ?
Nay hold, I mean ye Grecian women !

What shame ! when half the world shall hear
Ye all bepiss'd yourselves for fear,
That Greece had not one bold protector
Durst face this bullying scrub, this Hector !
But I will fight him, you shall see,
Tho' he's as big again as me ;
And by that time ye ev'ry one
May change, perhaps, from wood to stone.

 This speech of speeches being done,
He whipp'd his greasy buffcoat on ;
Wrath fill'd him with a strong desire
To run his fingers into th' fire.
Had he the fate of battle try'd,
Hector had surely trimm'd his hide ;
But all at once both old and young,
As if by wasps or hornets stung,
Start up with one consent to speak,
And stop this Bobadillian Greek ;

Resolv'd they'd not indulge the cub in
His great desire to get a drubbing.

Atrides claim'd first turn to speak,
Because he was the leading Greek.
He clench'd his fist, and thus began :
The devil sure is in the man :
Burn my old wig ! but you're about
A scheme to get your brains knock'd out :
You've no more chance, I'll make 't appear,
Than Jackson's mastiff with a bear :
Vex'd tho' thou art, and ought to be,
Hector's too big a whelp for thee ;
Achilles' self, were not his clothes
So thick they keep him safe from blows,
Would think it far the lesser evil
To be oblig'd to box the devil.
Stay where you are, or lie in bed,
We'll find a chief with thicker head ;

Tho' pleas'd the stoutest on the lawn
Would be to have the battle drawn,
Should he this bully rock engage
On Broughton's, or on any stage.

He spoke : and honest Menelau
Was glad at heart he need not go,
But kept his cheeks upon the puff,
Till they had lagg'd his doublet off :
When the old cock with froth and slaver
Began, as usual, his palaver :

O sons of Greece, pray what's the matter,
That thus I hear your grinders chatter ;
And every Greek and Trojan sees
Warm water running down your knees ?
Greece shakes her nob to see how soon
One blust'ring Trojan runs you down.
Time was when Peleus heard, with joy,
How well ye drubb'd these rogues of Troy,

And thought he ne'er could hear enough,
How Jack could kick, and Ned could cuff:
But, Lord ! how will th' old fellow fret
To find one Trojan makes ye sweat !
What grievous tears will he let fall,
And wish the d—l had ye all !
O ! that the gods, to try my mettle,
Would boil me in Medea's kettle,
Then lend me health and strength in plenty,
Such as I had at five-and-twenty,
When I broke all th' Arcadian spears,
And made the scoundrels hang their ears !
One Ereuthelion at that place
Had bought a rusty iron mace
O' th' mayor of Hedon, who had got
A new one giv'n him for his vote :
This mace Areïthous did handle
Just as I would a farthing candle ;

With this he smash'd the boldest foe,
But scorn'd a broomshaft or a bow.
Yet one Lycurgus came, and soon
With his sharp broomstick fetch'd him down ;
He met him in a narrow place,
Where he'd no room to swing his mace,
On which without delay he puts out
His broomshaft's point, and pricks his guts out.
Down tumbled he in rueful case ;
On which the conqu'ror seiz'd his mace :
But growing blind, this fighting tup
Thought it was best to give it up
To Ereuthelion, who would break
Above a hundred pates a week.
This he for several weeks had done,
Which made our trainbands sweat and run ;
All ran but me, I scorn'd to flinch ;
Tho' youngest, would not budge an inch.

This man I fought, this son of Mars,
And fetch'd him such a kick o' th' a—
That down he dropp'd ; but, when he fell,
I know you'll stare at what I tell,
But I'll make oath 'fore justice Baker,
He fairly cover'd half an acre.
Were I just now but half as strong,
Hector should not stand hec't'ring long.
But you that are young men in vigour,
All join to cut a special figure !
If you daren't fight the man, e'en say ;
Don't trembling stand, like stags at bay,
But trust your heels and run away.
If you can't keep your breeches dry,
You'd better as you run let fly ;
Unless you fancy Hector may,
Should you in such condition stay,
First stop his nose, then run away.

This drolling speech o' th' queer old wight
Made 'em all scratch where't did not bite ;
So eager now they grew to smite him,
That nine jump'd up at once to fight him.
Great Agamemnon swore and curs'd,
And damn'd his eyes but he'd be first ;
At which bold Diomede was vex'd,
But swore by Pallas he'd be next :
Ajax, who seldom spoke a word,
Roars out, By Jove, I'll be the third !
'Cause Agamemnon swore in passion,
Ajax thought swearing was the fashion.
The bold Oileus too was there,
Who swore by G-d he would not swear :
Ajax, says he, is third, don't part us,
But put my name in *locus quartus*.
Idomeneus, tho' not so swift
As brave Oileus, came in fifth.

Then on Euripylus they fix,
And mark his back with number six ;
Merion thought it no disgrace
To come and take the seventh place.
Bold Thoas was a man of weight,
So him they put in number eight.
Ulysses saw, by what was done,
He must at all events make one ;
Look'd fierce to hide his inward fear,
And boldly came to close the rear.
The motion felt at first for sh——g
Was strangely chang'd to one for fighting.

When Nestor found his speech succeed,
He spoke again : My boys, take heed !
You'd like to've quarrel'd who should run first
And now each wishes he'd begun first :
But, to prevent all future diff'rence
About our giving one the preference,

I'd have you take the good advice
Of Sancho's * lawyer—box and dice ;
And it shall be his lot to go,
That trundles out the highest throw ;
Whoe'er he be, the valiant buck
Will think himself in hellish † luck.

He spoke, and then his case unlocks,
And out he lugs both dice and box.

* Cervantes tells us, if I remember right, that Sancho Pancho, after hearing the cause on both sides with wonderful attention, and taking a little time to digest the learned arguments on both sides, pulled out his box and dice to decide the matter and the highest throw won the cause ; which gave great content. If our j-dg-s would but follow his example, it would prevent their being so often interrupted in their nap, as they need be disturbed but once in a cause.

† Whether Nestor means good or bad luck by the word *hellish*, we must refer to the bucks of this age, because by them this word is used indifferently for both good and bad.





Book VII. — page 25.

*Then Ajax grasps his clumsy fist
And gives the box a devilish twist —
Out pop the dice — cries Nestor, "Seven
I' the main; a nick, by Jove, eleven."*

The bullies then begin to pray,
But, on my soul, 'tis hard to say,
Whether to lose or win the day :
But to the bully Ajax all
In secret wish'd the lot might fall.
Nestor their meaning understood,
And tipp'd 'em all the wink it shou'd,
Atrides then his elbows shak'd,
Tho' inwardly his gizzard quak'd :
But soon he was reliev'd this bout,
For Nestor cries, Aums ace, you 're out :
Then Ajax grasps his clumsy fist,
And gives the box a dev'lish twist—
Out pops the dice, cries Nestor—Seven
'S the main ; a nick, by Jove, eleven.
Another throw then Ajax tries :
Eight is the main, old Nestor cries ;

}

Resolv'd his jobbernoul to cozen,
Roars out, Another nick, a dozen !
And so it might, I swear and vow,
For aught that honest Ajax knew,
Who took on trust whate'er was done,
So whipp'd his fighting-jacket on,
Whilst all the rest could hardly help
From laughing-at the thick-skull'd whelp.

O warriors ! cries this head of cod,
I'll smoke great Hector's hide, by G-d !
But lend me first each man a prayer,
So low the Trojans may not hear :
But let 'em hear ; on recollection,
To pray is no such great reflection :
No mortal scrub on earth dare say
That I'm afraid because I pray.
In days of old, tho' 'twas but rare,
Men bold as me have said a pray'r :

Cromwell himself, I've heard folks say,
Like any popish saint could pray ;
And yet, when people were not civil,
Could swear and bully like a devil.
Then bring the man alive or dead,
That valiant Ajax ought to dread :
Not Warwick's earl, that kicking cub,
Whose arm could whirl so thick a club,
That all our grannies tell us how
He kill'd a whacking great dun cow—
Was he alive, I make no doubt
To kill him, and his cow to-boot.
In Salamis my mother bore me,
And bid me kick the world before me.

No more he said, but on the stones
Dropp'd down upon his marrow-bones,
Held up his hands, and then began
To say his lesson like a man ;

His comrades too perform their parts,
And club their prayers with all their hearts ;
But like the Jews, the varlets made
D—'d ugly faces * whilst they pray'd :
Of father Jove ! whose greatest pride-a
Is whoring on the mount of Ida !
Now grant that honest Ajax may
Give the first broken head to-day :
But, if thou guard'st those Trojan cattle,
Then grant it may be a drawn battle,
That, like the German and the Gaul,
Both sides may sing, and roar, and bawl }
Te Deum, tho' for nought at all,
And tell their God a cursed lie ;
That both have got the victory.

* Our author says, that going one evening into the Jews' synagogue, he observed the most devout of them making confounded ugly faces. What reason they have for striving to put on worse phizzes than God has given them, he cannot tell.

Now Ajax, 'cause the coat he put on
Was left without a single button,
To keep it tight he ty'd it fast
With a rope's end about his waist,
Then like a Spaniard struts, who prides
To shew his wrath in mighty strides.
Great joy ran thro' the Grecian bands,
Tho' his hands shak'd like drunken Rand's :
And, whilst he was the Trojan eyeing,
He grinn'd to keep himself from crying.
The Greeks were humm'd, and Troy besides
Was scar'd to see him take such strides.
Hector himself was wond'ring that
His mighty heart went pit-a-pat ;
Though now there was no time to take,
But he must brew as well as bake.
Ajax behind his shield did keep,
But ventur'd now and then to peep ;

A dev'lish thumping shield it was,
'Twould load an English ox or ass ;
Look Scotland thro' till you are blind,
So large a targe you'll hardly find :
Seven good tup-skins as can be seen,
Cover'd a greasy kitchen-screen.
The roast-meat side of which, we find,
With old tin cannisters was lin'd :
One Tychius who dwelt in Hyle,
Where Yorkshire shoes are made most vilely,
Finish'd this shield and made it neat,
By sawing off two clumsy feet :
This potlid Ajax held before
His guts, and then began to roar :
Hector, come here, you whelp, and try
Who cudgels best, or you or I.
Achilles dare not come, who cares ?
You see as good a man that dares ;

Let him sit sulky, if he will ;
His place great Ajax' self dares fill :
Bold hearts like me we have good store ;
There's three I'm certain, if not four,
That any hour o' th' day are willing
To box for sixpence or a shilling ;
Nay, some for half a crown will try,
When cash and courage both run high :
So, let me lose the day or win it,
Here I stand ready to begin it.

Hector replies, Great son of Tel,
You seem to scold it pretty well ;
But sure you think the rock of Troy
Some chuckle-headed booby boy
Just parted from a country school,
And therefore dares not face an owl ;
But I will face you, you shall see,
Tho' you were in an ivy-tree,

And look'd as fierce before you spoke,
As Charley in the royal oak :
I dare, for th' honour of our house,
Say boh to any Grecian goose.
Your broomshaft strokes with ease I'll cut off,
And all Broughtonian thumps can put off;
But as I value not a f—t
Your puffs, I shan't make use of art;
By downright strength I'll try my fate,
And scorn to steal a broken pate.

At this his quarter-staff he rears,
And laid about the Grecian's ears ;
His nob he gave a swingeing knock,
But might as well have hit a rock.
Ajax then drove at Hector's crown,
Who flinch'd, or else he'd knock'd him down;
So vastly furious was the stroke,
Both quarter-staves to pieces broke.

The cudgels next the bullies try,
And baste each other hip and thigh;
Fierce as two squabbling lawyers prate,
Or two fish-wives at Billingsgate,
And seem'd to be a special match,
Till Hector got a little scratch.
His wrath to see his blood run down
Made him let fly a thumping stone,
Which hit his pate, and off did pass
As if his noddle had been brass.
But Ajax threw with such a shock
A craggy ragged piece of rock,
And aim'd the stone so well, that he
Almost demolish'd Hector's knee.
Hector was glad to lean upon
His potlid, else he'd tumbled down:
But Sol, who always did attend him,
Brought him a dram of rum to mend him.

Andrew Ferrara's next the word,
For each had got a highland sword,
Which when they flourish'd in the air,
The glitt'ring blades made people stare,
Just as they met in guise uncivil,
Like great St. Michael and the Devil,
With fell intent to cut and slash,
And of their bodies make a hash,
The wary seconds both popp'd out,
And put an end to this tough bout.
Talthybius did the Greek attend ;
Idæus was great Hector's friend ;
(Both constables and cunning knaves)
Betwixt the swords they thrust their staves,
Idæus first began to speak,
For he had learnt a little Greek ;
 Forbear, my buffs, your further fray,
Jove says ye fight no more to-day ;

No more of bus'ness can be done
To-day, because the day is gone.

Ajax was now grown cock-a-hoop,
Because he could with Hector cope ;
Pray, Sir, says he, to Hector speak :
He challeng'd forth the boldest Greek.
If he should say 'tis time to part,
I'll give it up with all my heart ;
But he, you both must own, begun first,
And therefore ought, I think, t'have done first.

Then Hector speaks: Great Sir, you're right,
And, if you dare but trust your sight,
By looking sharp you'll see 'tis night :
And you and all the people know
To box at night's against the law :
For want of light, we by surprise
Might knock out one another's eyes ;

And e'en just now, so dark it grows,
I scarce can see your copper nose :
So let's decide some other day
Who's the best man at cudgel-play :
Your great escape the Greeks will tell of,
They'll jump to find you're come so well off ;
And all the good old wives in Troy
At my escape will jump for joy.
But let us make, this glorious day,
Some sort of swap, that folks may say
These souls were neither Whig nor Tory,
But battled for their country's glory.

With that a sword he gave, whose hilt
Was made of brass, but double gilt :
This gift did Ajax' stomach melt
So much, he gave his greasy belt :
Then with a Spanish air those twain
Majestic strutted home again,





Book VII. — page 37.

*In this queer trim the Grecians bring
The puff'd-up hero to the King,
Who, far from thinking 'twas a man,
Thought they had drest a sack of bran
In Ajax' clothes, —*

Hector, at his return to Troy,
Did really make 'em jump for joy :
They star'd, but yet the better half
Came up to feel if he was safe.
Poor Ajax was swell'd up and puff'd,
Like a black pudding over stuff'd.
In this queer trim the Grecians bring
The puff'd-up hero to the king,
Who, far from thinking 'twas a man,
Thought they had dress'd a sack of bran
In Ajax' clothes ; but, being fully
Convinc'd it was the very bully,
That could with valiant Hector box,
He bid the butcher kill an ox,
That you mayn't think the gen'ral boasted,
A fine Scotch runt was kill'd and roasted :
Great Agamemnon laid the cloth,
Then boil'd the neck and shanks for broth.

When all was cook'd, the king took care
To deal each hungry knave his share :
But valiant Ajax for his supper
Ate the surloin and half the crupper ;
By which you'll think, and think aright,
The man could eat as well as fight.
When they had stuff'd their bellies full,
And drunk each man a hearty pull,
Nestor begins, who never long
Was known to hold his noisy tongue :

It grieves my very guts to say
That this has been a dismal day,
But 'faith it was : upon the shore
A dozen hearty cocks, or more,
Were on their backs by Hector laid,
And half of them half knock'd o' th' head.
Whilst we are drown'd in grief and sorrow,
How can we think to box to-morrow ?

A little time should sure be found
To get our dead men under ground ;
Which if we don't, I know full well
They'll quickly make a cursed smell :
To Hector's drubs we need not yield,
Our friends will stink us off the field.
When we have got them under ground,
Both rotten carcasses and sound,
Each man shall have a handsome stone
For babes to cry or piss upon :
Next we will all our bricklay'rs call up
To dig a ditch and build a wall up,
To save our huts, and boats, and lighters,
From those damn'd copper-nos'd sheep-biters ;
Then make strong gates, that, if the rout
Should come too near, we'll bolt 'em out ;
Next on the walls build towers, and prop 'em ;
The devil's in't, if that don't stop 'em :

Then if the foe comes helter skelter,
We all know where to run for shelter :
For want of this, if they should beat us,
They burn our boats, and roast and eat us.

Thus spake this queer old Grecian wight,
And all the captains thought him right.
In the mean time the Trojan peers
Were met, and almost got by th' ears :
Tho' their hearts ach'd, this crew so factious
Could nor refrain from being fractious :
All order they despis'd, or summons,
Just like an English house of——.
At last the grave Antenor rose,
And strove their diff'rence to compose.

What I shall utter is no merit,
'Tis inspiration of the spirit,
Says this old cuff : Restore but Helen,
And we our houses safe may dwell in ;

Let Helen and her money go
To Sparta or to Strumbello,
With all belongs her head or tail ;
Don't keep the paring of a nail.
If Paris hath not got enough
Of trimming her bewitching buff,
But longs to switch the gipsy still,
You'll own with me he never will ;
Then must be forc'd—and so I vote
To do the very thing he ought :
We broke the truce, the Grecians felt us,
And Jupiter, by G-d, will pelt us ;
Then let us quickly stir about,
And do't before you're forc'd to do't.

Th' old Trojan spoke, and down he sat,
When Paris rose and twirl'd his hat ;
Smelt at his box, perfum'd with musk,
Then hem'd, and look'd as fierce as H—k,

You say your speech must claim no merit,
'Tis inspiration of the spirit ;
But, if the matter I can handle,
A canting quaker's farthing candle,
Twinkling within him, gives more light
Than this of yours that burns so bright.
When young perhaps you might be wise ;
Wisdom decays as well as eyes :
You think that I have had enough
Of trimming Helen's heav'nly buff.
The thought is mighty well for you,
For whom three times a year might do ;
But Helen ne'er shall quit my hand,
So long as I can go or stand.
As for the money that she brought
From Greece, I scorn to touch a groat ;
It lies, with his tobacco-stopper,
(Five pounds in silver, three in copper)

In an old trunk, with some old gear
I never yet would let her wear.
Let Menelaus touch the pelf,
I only want to touch herself.
Besides, I'll pay him for the touch,
And give him twenty times as much
From my own stock as she brought with her,
When first she came from Sparta hither :
But ere she goes, by holy Paul !
I'll see the devil fetch ye all.

Priam, who fear'd by all this rout
His trusty Trojans might fall out,
Rose up to speak ; the crew so vi'lent
Had the good manners to be silent ;
On which th' old Trojan bow'd to each,
Then hem'd, and made this king-like speech :
Ye hearts of oak, that round me sit,
What think ye if we pick a bit ?

I saw the cook-maid, Mary, put on
The spit a thumping loin of mutton,
Above an hour and half ago ;
It must be ready now, I know,
When we have pick'd the bones and tail,
And each man drunk a gill of ale,
We'll guard the walls, and all the night
Look sharp to keep our matters right :
A bellman in the morn shall mention
To the Greek captain our intention ;
And add, 'twill suit us to a tittle,
If both sides take their breath a little,
That those who on the ground are laid
May come and tell us if they're dead ;
If they're alive, we can assure them,
Our quacks will either kill or cure 'em ;
Then, if they please, with might and main
We'll buckle to't, and box again.

Soon as the Trojan king had said,
Each captain seiz'd a piece of bread ;
But could not stay to pick a bit,
So whipp'd a slice from off the spit ;
Then pocketing both bread and roast,
Ran off to eat it at their post.
Before the sun brush'd up his lamp,
Idæus went to th' Grecian camp :
He found the chief, his friends, and brother,
Looking as wise at one another
As justices, when on the bench
They try some poor unlucky wench,
And make the jade at Bridewell yelp
For breeding brats without their help :
The bellman tinkled first his bell,
And then began his tale to tell :—
Ye Grecian constables, I pray
Lend all your ears to what I say ;

And from my soul I wish, to ease ye,
That ev'ry word I speak may please ye :
I wish our rogue and your d—d whore
Had both been drowned long before
This hubble bubble they had coin'd,
By getting both their gibblets join'd !
I wish the brimstone's pepper'd tail
Was in the belly of that whale
That swallow'd Jonah, tho' the Jew
Had such rank flesh, he made him spew ;
And I'm afraid this self-same whale,
After he'd swallow'd Nelly's tail, }
Tho' plaguy salt, would find it stale ;
Therefore, like Jonah, on the main
Would come to spew her up again ;
And then some luckless country will
Be plagu'd with her grimalkin still.

But for all this, I'm bid to tell ye,
That Paris will not part with Nelly ;
He finds her flesh so very sweet,
He swears he'll touch no other meat ;
But says he'll give you ev'ry piece
Of money that she brought from Greece :
And, if he can but peace restore,
Will double it ten times o'er and o'er ;
But swears the wench sha'n't quit his hand,
So long as he can go or stand.
Next I'm to say 'twill suit us well
To rest our weary limbs a spell,
That those who lie in honour's bed,
Whether knock'd down or knock'd o' th' head,
May be sought out, and, when they're found,
Be decently put under ground ;
And then with all our might and main,
If so ye like, we'll box again :

But who shall drub the other well,
The Lord above can only tell.

The Grecian chiefs, by what appears,
Both cock'd their mouths and prick'd their ears;
But, like a modern bill in chancer',
They took some time to give an answer.
This did Tydides so provoke,
He jump'd upon his legs and spoke :

Zooks ! you would make a parson swear,
To see ye all thus gape and stare !
What signifies their money now,
Tho' they would send the brimstone too ?
You see their wooden towers are shaken,
Then what the pox can save their bacon ?
Let us but kick 'em out of doors,
And the same men that shook their towers
Shall shake their daughters, wives, and whores.

The Grecians shout their approbation
Of this laconic bold oration.

Atrides then the peace rejects,
But sends to Priam his respects :

You hear, good Sir, the shouts of Greece
Are to a man against this peace.

As much as you all broils we hate,
But think the peace *inadequate* :

Yet tho' we can't agree to peace,
I really think club-law should cease,
That we may both sides look about,
And try to find our dead men out.

When yours are found, pray don't you think
That they are dead because they stink ;

For ours, that liv'd to run away,
Stunk most confoundedly to-day ;

Therefore take care you turn and turn 'em,
And shake 'em well before you burn 'em :—

I speak lest groundless fears should curb ye,
For blast my eyes if we'll disturb ye !

He then, to shew he meant 'em fair,
Flourish'd his broomshaft in the air.
On this the crier trots away
To Troy, to tell 'em what they say.
The Trojan boys were got together,
Like flocks of birds in frosty weather ;
Thus gather'd on a heap he caught 'em,
Waiting to hear what news he brought 'em.
Finding there was no time to spare,
He hem'd, to make his throttle clear :
They instant leave him room to enter,
And place him in the very centre ;
From whence he with a crier's voice
(Where words are mostly drown'd in noise)
His speech deliver'd full as clear
As any crier you shall hear ;

The Grecian captains, from their tents,
To Priam send their compliments ;
And tho' they can't consent to peace,
They all desire club-law should cease :
'Cause then both parties might, they said,
See if their dead men were all dead.

The Trojans upon this thought good
To buy some loads of billet wood ;
But to the Greeks no man would sell it :
On which they thought 'twas best to fell it
Without the lord o' th' manor's leave ;
So instantly began to cleave.
But I can tell 'em, had they then
Been caught by justice F—d—g's men,
Those true-bred hounds would never drop 'em
Till they had seen his worship shop 'em.

The sun had wash'd his fiery face,
And greas'd his wheels to run his race,

When Greeks and Trojans look'd about
To find who'd got their brains knock'd out ;
But neither side had time to weep,
Till all were gather'd on a heap.
The Trojans then to burning fall,
And made one crying serve 'em all.
The Grecians thought th' example good,
So out they lugg'd their stolen wood :
Then laid the bodies in their places,
And fell to making d—d wry faces.
When they were burnt as black as coal,
One lousy tombstone serv'd 'em all.

 This done, with might and main they fall
To dig a ditch, and build a wall ;
For Nestor, who had still some cunning,
Guess'd, when the rascals took to running,
This wall might stop the Trojan fighters
From burning their old rotten lighters.

Upon the wall these Grecian powers
Erected what themselves call'd towers :
But in these days our modern doxies
Would call them hobbling watchmen's boxes.
Some baker's billets next they took,
The sharpen'd points did outward look,
The blunt end stuck in earth ; and these
The Grecians call chevaux de frize.

But whilst they thus their labour kept on,
They rather discomfronted Neptune.
As near to surly Jove he sat,
Brother, says he, I'll tell you what ;
If Greece should finish yon mud wall,
And those I built for Troy should fall,
This wall will be remember'd longer
Than those I built, tho' so much stronger.
This, by my soul, I shall not like !
Ha' done, says Jove, thou wrangling tike !

Thou admiral of the sea, and let
A mortal work thy gullet fret ?
I love that much ; but cease to grumble,
These walls of mud shall quickly tumble.
No bantling that's unborn shall view
A stick of what they're doing now.
Thy waves shall sap the bottom soon,
Or drunken cits shall piss 'em down,
When in a flaming one-horse chair
They come to take the country air ;
Where a round dozen pipes they funk,
And then return to town dead drunk.

Whilst thus they fratch'd, the Greeks ^{[getting} were
Just finish'd, as the sun was setting ;
And then the hungry sons of whores
Butcher'd their bulls and cows by scores ;
The fat surloins on spits they put,
But smoke their gods with tripe and gut.

Just as they clapp'd 'em on their crupper
To eat this great uncommon supper,
They 'spy'd a lighter under sail,
Loaded with beer and Burton ale,
Which came i' th' nick to cheer their souls,
And fill their empty skins and bowls.
Eunæus did the ale procure,
For he was only small-beer brewer ;
A cask of both sorts did he send
A present for the king his friend ;
The rest the Grecian captains bought,
To pay for which our author thought,
Some pawn'd a shirt, and some a coat. }
In feasting all their cares were sunk,
And ev'ry noble chief got drunk ;
But they had made a woeful blunder,
For Jove they pinch'd, who growl'd like thunder ;

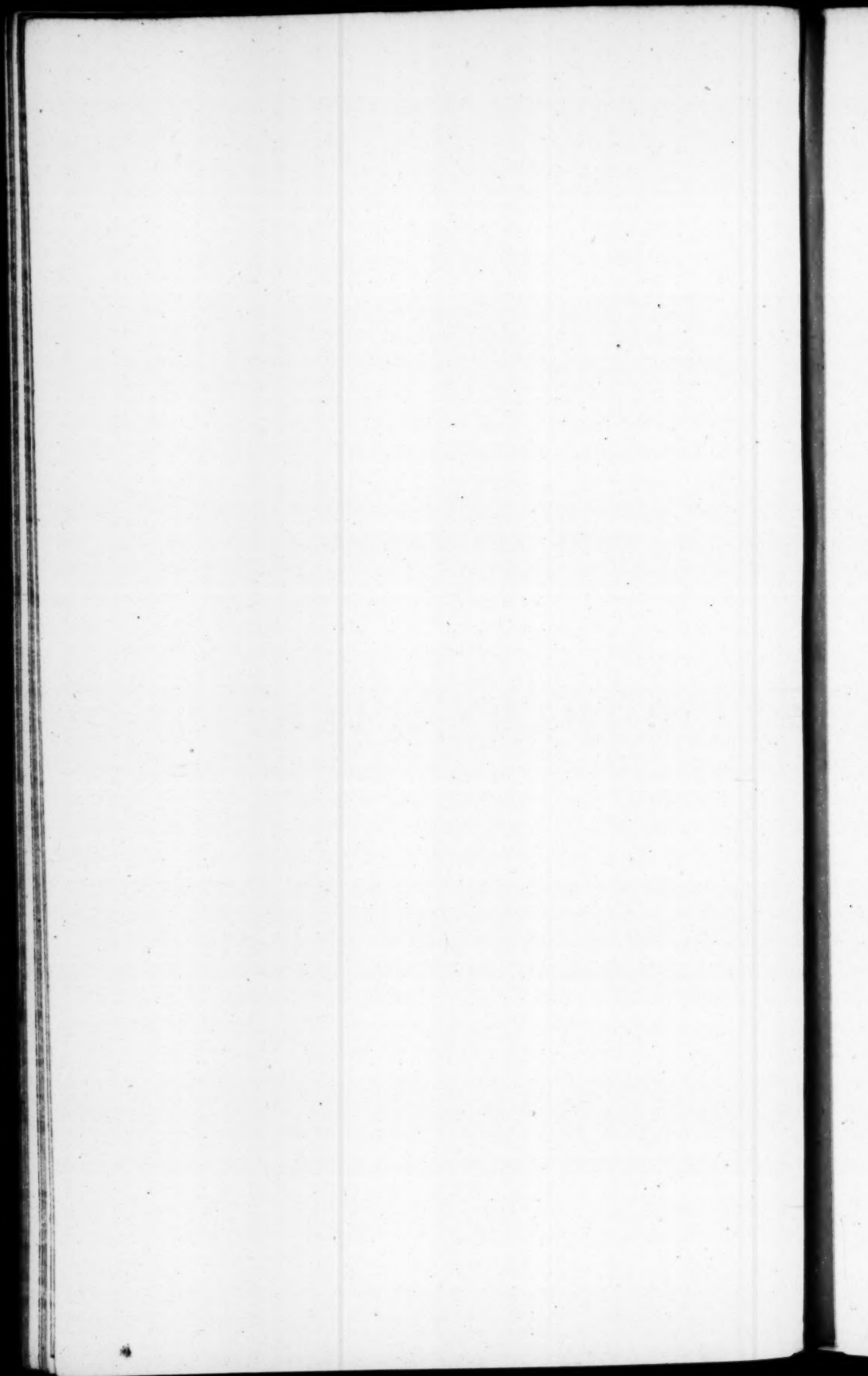
56 THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

Which scar'd the drunken rogues so sore,
They spill'd their liquor on the floor;
And in the midst of all their airs,
Forgot their oaths to say their pray'rs,
And beg such coil he would not keep,
But let the maudlin knaves go sleep.

END OF BOOK VII.



THE EIGHTH BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.



ARGUMENT.

Jove calls his under-strappers round him,
And in a dev'lish rage they found him.
Says he, I bade ye hither come,
To charge ye all to stay at home ;
Go play at put, or loo, or brag,
But don't a single finger wag
To help yond' rascals that are fratching,
And, monkey-like, each other scratching.
Whoe'er offends, observe me well,
I'll broil the scoundrel's ears in hell.
Yet did that scratching, kicking brim,
The jade Minerva, wheedle him,
In spite of this hot blust'ring fit,
To let her help the Greeks a bit
With good advice, lest they should fall
To running off for good and all.
No sooner had the mortal varlets
Begun to squabble 'bout their harlots,
Bumping each others' guts and sides,
When Jove away to Ida rides :
There borrowing C—x the grocer's scales,
He weighs :—the Trojan luck prevails :
On which, with thunder, hail, and rain,
He smok'd the Grecians off the plain.
Old Nestor only chose to stay,
Because he could not run away ;
But Diomedé soon brought him help,
And sav'd this queer old chatt'ring whelp.


Then Juno, ever restless, seeks
To make old Neptune help her Greeks,
Neptune, who knew the wheedling witch,
Answers her bluntly, No, you bitch !
Teucer comes next, his art to show ;
He shot a special good long bow :
But Hector stops the knave's career,
And sent him with a flea in's ear.
Pallas and Juno steal away
To help the Grecians in the fray :
But quickly Iris made 'em pack
To heaven in a hurry back.
Now whilst they sweat, the goddess Night
Jump'd up to part the bloody fight,
Altho', ere she could part 'em all,
The Greeks were drove behind their wall.
The Trojans burn good fires all night,
For fear the Grecians in their fright
Should think it proper, ere 'twas day,
To launch their boats and run away.





Book VIII. — page 61.

*And whilst he to the supple gang,
Like Harry, made a short harangue.
They eyed him all with fearful look,
And their teeth chattered as he spoke.*



HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

AURORA was the skies adorning,
Or, in plain English, it was morning,
When crusty Jove, who never tarried
Long in his bed, for he was married,
Call'd all his counsellors of state
Some weighty matters to debate;
And whilst he to the supple gang,
Like Harry *, made a short harangue,
They ey'd him all with fearful look,
And their teeth chatter'd as he spoke.

* Harry the eighth.

Ye sniv'ling rogues with hanging looks,
Ye cringing barons, earls, and dukes,
Good heed to what I utter take ye,
Or, by the living G-d, I'll make ye :
Don't think, ye whelps, that ye shall find
Me fool enough to change my mind
For aught that you, or you, or you,
Or any whore or rogue can do.
Therefore, if any meddling knave
Attempts a single soul to save,
Or lends his help to either side,
Flux me if I don't tan his hide !
He shall receive from some strong tar
Three dozen at the capstern bar ;
Or, in my furious wrath, pell-mell,
I'll kick the scoundrel down to hell ;
To red-hot brazen doors I'll hook him,
And like a rat with brimstone smoke him.

Join all together, -if ye will,
And try your utmost strength and skill ;
As easily I can ye souse
As nitty taylors crack a louse.
But if you choose with me to cope,
I'll let you down this good new rope ;
Hang at one end both great and small,
And add to that Westminster-Hall,
Judges and lawyers altogether :
This hand can lift 'em like a feather ;
Tho' in that place I know 'tis said
There's many a solid heavy head.

'Twas thus the moody Thund'rer spoke ;
And all the crew like aspin shook.
Yet, for all this, that cunning jade
His bastard, by a chamber-maid,
(Altho', to hum his wife, he said
She jump'd one morning from his head)

Maugre his blust'ring and his strutting,
Ventur'd a word or two to put in.
Says Pallas, I am sure they are
Confounded stupid dogs that dare
Oppose your worship's will ; such blocks
Ought to be flogg'd, or set i' th' stocks ;
But don't be angry if I stickle
To help the Greeks in this sad pickle.
And tho' you'll lend us some hard knocks,
If we on either side should box,
Yet let Minerva's counsel, pray,
Advise 'em when to run away ;
Else they may gaze and stare about
Till they get all their teeth knock'd out.

Old Square-toes smil'd, and told the jade,
She need not be so much afraid ;
For tho' he knew it did her good
To move and circulate her blood,





Book VIII. — page 65.

*These Ads, one Friday Afternoon
I've purchas'd of a Yorkshire Coon.
In Smithfield, with great care, and yet
Got most abominably bit. —*

And therefore now-and-then might stir her,
Yet he'd a mighty kindness for her,
As ev'ry bastard-getting knave
That's married, for their bastards have,
More than for children got in strife
Upon their lawful scolding wife :
Then bid his nags, with hoofs of brass,
And sorrel manes, be fetch'd from grass.
These tits, one Friday afternoon,
Jove purchas'd of a Yorkshire loon
In Smithfield, with great care, and yet
Got most abominably bit ;
Neither of those he laid his hand on
Had got a single foot to stand on.
When Vulcan saw his dad was bit,
He on a rare expedient hit,
And a most noble scheme it was,
To case their founder'd hoofs in brass :

Had he not found this way to do't,
Old Rumbler might have walk'd on foot,
As he had got no cash to spare
To go and buy another pair.
Soon as the geldings did approach,
He yok'd 'em to a flaming coach,
Which Vulcan made that very year—
The first was built for our lord mayor—
From which the god took his design,
And made it clumsy, strong, and fine.
Jove with a hackney-coachman's whip
Soon made his batter'd geldings skip :
Whilst down the hill like smoke they run,
The god had plac'd himself upon
A three-legg'd stool they call'd a throne,
Nor did his godship stay or stop
Till he arriv'd on Ida's top.
There he forsook his coach, to trudge it
On foot ; but first from out the budget

He pull'd some hay, with which he feasts
His tits—Good coachmen mind their beasts :
Then turning, and about him looking,
He saw two priests his dinner cooking ;
On which, a little time to kill,
He sat him down o' th' top o' th' hill ;
But first he fix'd o' th' edge o' th' slope
Hooper's reflecting telescope,
By which he saw, when pointed down,
All their rogue's tricks within the town ;
And turning it the least aside,
Their roguery in the boats espy'd ;
And found that both in boats and tow'rs
The men were rogues and women whores.
And now the Greeks made wond'rous haste
To get their staves, and break their fast ;
They thought, to spit their malice fasting
Would look like rancour everlasting,

So never fail'd before a fight
Of something good to take a bite :
A special shift they oft would make
With two full pounds of Havre-cake ;
But did not, as our trainbands do,
Provide a bit for dinner too ;
And pocket store of hard-boil'd eggs,
With penny rolls and chicken legs.
The Trojans too with nettle-porridge
Had warm'd their stomachs and their courage,
And cautiously great care had taken
To line their guts with eggs and bacon.
The gates once open, out they rattle,
And men and horses smoke to battle ;
Spread o'er the plain, and fill the roads
With fighting fellows by cart-loads :
To work they fall like angry bulls,
And cudgels clash 'gainst empty skulls ;

In streams the blood and snivel flows
From many a Grecian's snotty nose,
And many a trusty Trojan's too ;
In such great show'rs the broomsticks flew.
A woeful lamentation spreads,
From batter'd ribs and broken heads ;
And tho' this fray began so soon,
It lasted all the morn till noon :
But when the mid-day sun prevails,
Jove borrows Cox * the grocer's scales ;
With steady hand th' old whoring boy
Balanc'd the fate of Greece and Troy.
This day the Grecian fortune fails,
Tho' weigh'd by these impartial scales ;

* This man was a justice of the peace. Whilst his clerk was writing a mittimus to send a girl to Bridewell, for retailing her ware full measure for a shilling a turn, he had his own weights broken in pieces by the jury, and thrown into the street, for being short above two ounces in the pound.

Then instantly Jove's thunder roars,
And all their ale and porter sours ;
Idomenæus would not stay,
And both Ajaces ran away :
Poor Agamemnon, parch'd with thirst,
Ran, tho' he did not run the first ;
But sure the boldest hearts must sink
When they have nothing fit to drink :
Old Nestor only chose to stay,
Because he could not run away ;
Paris had with resistless force
Ham-string'd his best flea-bitten horse ;
Old Nestor fumbled at the braces,
And cut the ropes that serv'd for traces :
This the old Grecian scarce had done,
When Hector furiously came on,
And ten to one had been so civil
As send his square-toes to the devil ;

But Diomede, who was no stranger
To Hector, saw th' old fellow's danger :
Forward he sprung, and call'd upon
Ulysses, who like wildfire run :

Pr'ythee, Ulysses, don't you fly
Amongst that mongrel heartless fry,
For fear some Trojan thief should crack
Your paper skull behind your back :
Nestor's in danger, stop and meet us,
Or Hector gives him his quietus.
Ulysses, when he heard that Nestor
Was in a scrape, ran ten times faster ;
O'er the deep sand flew helter skelter,
And leap'd on board his boat for shelter :
Nor did the honest statesman grieve
His brother in the lurch to leave ;
But Diomede, tho' he was gone,
Ventur'd to help th' old cock alone.

From off his cart a jump he took,
Then stopp'd his horses whilst he spoke ;
 Old Buff, says he, you well may gape,
You're got into a cursed scrape.
This furious whelp, this Hector, surely
May smash your rotten bones securely.
Thy horses are but slow and poor,
Can't trot a mile in half an hour :
Then haste, old boy, and mount my cart ;
I value Hector not a f—t :
Do you but guide the horses right,
And if it comes to blows I'll fight :
Mind but my nags, they'll run, by Mars,
As if the de'il was at their a—e :
One misty day, when none could see us,
We stole these horses from Æneas :
Then leave thy shabby tits, don't mind 'em,
Some of our straggling crew will find 'em :

With these we'll let the Trojan meet us ;
We can but run, if he should beat us.

Old Nestor chuckled at his heart,
To find his friend had brought his cart ;
Quickly, without or stay or stop,
He made a shift to tumble up :
His own old yawds *, so lank and bare,
He left to two skip-kennels' care ;
And care no doubt the backward ways
They took, as skips do now-a-days.
Old Nestor drove, for he was carter,
Full speed to meet this Trojan tartar.
Tydides aim'd at Hector's crown ;
It miss'd, but brought his coachman down.
Hector no nearer could approach,
For want of one to drive his coach ;
So whipp'd behind, and for a stiver
He quickly hir'd another driver :

* Yorkshire word for horses.

One Archeptolemus arose,
A coachman with a fine red nose ;
But Hector had no time to stay,
So hir'd the rascal for the day.
And now this Diomedé would soon
Have made the conqu'ring Trojans run
Like sheep before the Spanish Don*,
But Jove again began to growl,
And thunder'd from his mustard-bowl †.
Lightning so near the Greek did pass,
It sing'd his nose, and burnt the grass.
The frighten'd nags began to prance,
And Nestor dropp'd into a trance,
But soon recover'd, and begun
To chatter : Zoons ! says he, let's run ;

* Don Quixote.

† They made thunder formerly at the play-houses in
a great mustard bowl.

To-day the thunder-clap director
Swears he will fight for none but Hector,
So let's jog off ; perhaps he may
Take Nestor's part another day :
But, spite of all our labour, still
You know he will do what he will.

Says Diomede : Old Grizzle-beard,
I suck in ev'ry word I've heard.
But what the pox will Hector say,
If bold Tydides runs away ?
Rot me ! before it shall be said
I ran for't, he shall break my head.

Nestor replies : O sad ! O sad !
The man is surely drunk or mad !
Why what the plague can Hector say ?
He never made you run away :
That whelp is sensible enough,
You've dusted many a Trojan's buff ;

But the most wicked sons of plunder
With lightning dare not fight, nor thunder.

He said no more, but crack'd his whip,
And gave the Trojan chief the slip :
The horses run along the coast,
As fast as country priests ride post,
When death, assisted by good liquor,
Has seiz'd some neighb'ring guzzling vicar :
The Trojans shout, as well they might,
To see them in such hellish fright :
When Hector calls to Diomede,
You've special heels in time of need ;
For this th' Argives will give their chief
For his own share a rump of beef.
Tho' Hector's self you dare not face,
You beat him hollow in the race ;
I find you are, when blows you're shunning,
The devil of a hand at running.

You see to what your bragging comes ;
You shake our walls ! you kiss our bums :
Tho' yet, perhaps, I'll dust your coat
Before you reach your crazy boat.

The Grecian bully could not bear
Such cutting kind of jokes to hear.
Thrice the bold chief his horses stopp'd,
And thrice the bold proposal dropp'd ;
For Thunder, in the shape of Fear,
Whisper'd the warrior in the ear :

For what the devil should you stay ?
I'm sure, if you don't run away,
You'll get your hide well drubb'd to-day. }

This council by the chief was taken,
Who smok'd along and sav'd his bacon.
Great Hector, with no little glee,
The lightning saw as well as he,

But to his sense each thunder crack
Felt like a cheering clap o' th' back.

Then to his trusty Trojans spoke ;
Ye backs of steel, and hearts of oak,
Remember what our grandames tell us,
That all our dads were clever fellows,
And not a man but what would scorn
To flinch from duty night and morn ;
Therefore dismiss all needless fears,
Because Jove's rumbling thunder swears
We now shall lug the Grecians' ears. }
Advance then quick, we'll surely end 'em ;
Yon muddy walls shall ne'er defend 'em.
Soon as we've drove them down their hatches,
Lug out your tinder-box and matches,
And strike a light ; we first will swinge 'em
With broomstaves, then with links we'll singe 'em.

He spoke ; and bid his horses go
In words like these, Gee up ! gee ho !
Ball, Jolly, Driver, hi ! gee hi !
Old Dobbing, zoons ! why don't you fly ?
Perform your journey well this day,
You ne'er shall want both corn and hay.
You know my dame, when I return,
Is always ready with your corn :
You're sure good measure there will be,
No cheating ostler keeps the key ;
Run till I catch that Diom's buff coat,
Or Nestor's potlid and his rough coat.
Gain me but these before ye tire,
And then I'll set their boats on fire.

This Juno heard, that scolding witch,
And gave her buttocks such a twitch,
It shook her three-legg'd milking-stool,
Which shook the stars from pole to pole.

Neptune ! says she, I vow and swear
To me it seems a little queer
That you should see those Grecians beaten,
Whose victuals you so oft have eaten,
Those Greeks, by whom you're daily fed
With bullock's liver and sheep's head.
Both Egæ and Helice too
An ordinary keep for you,
And stuff your guts three times a week
With fry'd cow-heel and bak'd ox-cheek,
At their own proper charge and cost ;
Yet you sit still and see 'em lost.
Would their own gods take heart and stand,
With all my soul I'd lend a hand ;
Nor could that cross-grain'd surly elf,
My precious husband, help himself,
But, whilst he saw the Trojans tumble,
Sit still and hear his own guts grumble.

The water God, in great surprise,
First shakes his noddle, then replies :
I ken your jade's trick mighty well,
You'd have me like yourself rebel ;
But I know better : you're his wife,
And therefore may rebel for life ;
Wives for rebellion plead old custom,
And they will keep it up, I trust 'em :
We're sensible 'tis nothing more
Than what their mothers did before :
Content I'll keep the way I'm in,
And slumber in a whole calf's skin.

And now the mighty mob of Troy,
By Hector led, the Greeks annoy :
Close by the ditch they threat'ning stand,
With flaming hedge-stakes in their hand :
Poor Agamemnon, in a fit
Of fear, was very nigh besh—t.

But Juno help'd him with a touch
To some small courage, though not much :
He ran, and carried in his hand
The royal ensign of command,
An old red flannel petticoat,
That once belong'd a dame of note,
But happening in her trade to fail,
Atrides bought it at her sale.
The back part and the sides, to view,
Appear'd almost as good as new ;
But, notwithstanding all her care,
The breadth before was worn thread-bare.
Mounted upon Ulysses' boat,
He wav'd this flaming petticoat, }
And thus began to tune his throat ;
But roar'd so loud, and was so scar'd,
Both Ajax and Ulysses heard,
Tho' separated by the fleet,
'Tis thought, at least, five hundred feet :

O all ye Grecian paltry dogs !
(The vessels echo'd back, Damn'd rogues !)
Where are your mighty boasts at dinner
'Gainst Troy ! each single Greek would win her !
Whilst your ungodly guts ye fill,
You all look fierce as Bobadil :
Now I'm convinc'd each single glutton,
If Troy's strong walls were made of mutton,
Would eat his way into the town,
And quickly pull their houses down ;
Yet now, tho' driven on a heap,
Dare all as well be d—d as peep
Across the ditch to look at Hector,
Who will in less, as I conjecture,
Than half an hour quite o'erturn us,
And in our rotten scullers burn us :—
O Jupiter ! whose strength is mickle,
Was ever man in such a pickle !

My limbs impair'd with claps and pox,
And curs'd with rogues that dare not box ;
But they, the battle once begun,
Don't stoutly fight, but stoutly run ;
For thee I've broil'd ten thousand cuts
Of bullocks' hearts and pecks of guts,
Then only ask'd a slender boon,
Leave to demolish that damn'd town :
But since you won't give leave, we pray
You'll let us drub the dogs to-day, }
Just to get time to run away.

Thus roar'd the king, in doleful dumps,
Then on the sandy shore he jumps.
To hear this melancholy ditty,
Jove could not help a little pity ;
From off his three-legg'd stool he starts up,
And sent a sign to cheer their hearts up.
Behold, a hungry carrion crow
Had got within his beak, or claw,

A frog ; but some way out it popp'd,
And 'mongst the hungry Grecians dropp'd.
To Frenchmen this, instead of beating,
Had been a sign of rare good eating ;
They would have jump'd, if from the bogs
The crows had brought ten thousand frogs ;
It even rais'd the Grecians' courage
More than a bellyful of porridge ;
They on a sudden turn about,
And strive who first shall sally out,
That bullying, noisy, scolding bitch
Call'd Diomedes first leap'd the ditch,
And dealt such furious strokes to rout 'em,
He made the Trojans look about 'em.
The first that ply'd his heels to run
Was Agelaüs, Phradmon's son—
A noted broker in the Alley—
He saw this furious Grecian sally ;

On which he nimbly limp'd along,
As brokers do when things go wrong ;
But the bold Grecian mark'd him soon,
And with a broomstick fetch'd him down :
(This Diom. had a wondrous knack
Of hitting folks behind their back) :
As down he tumbled in a sweat,
His potlid and his noddle met ;
And made between 'em such a hum,
It sounded like a kettle-drum.
Now that a passage once was made,
The Greeks, tho' woefully afraid,
Seem'd quite asham'd to let that elf
Tydides box it by himself ;
On which th' Atridæ shew'd their faces,
And after them the bold Ajaces ;
Meriones was next, and then
Appear'd the bruiser Idomen ;

Ulysses thrust his long neck out,
To peep with caution round about,
And saw all safe, so ventur'd out:
Which when the archer Teucer saw,
He ventur'd to bring out his bow,
Then with a gimblet bor'd a hole
Through Ajax' potlid, whence he stole
A peep to see what kind of spark
Stood most convenient for his mark ;
On which he shot a dart, and plump
Behind the targe again did jump.
Thus rats and mice, by danger prest,
Skip nimbly back into their nest :
And honest Ajax lugg'd, in troth,
A potlid big enough for both.
My dear, Miss Muse, pray let us know,
Who tumbled first by this long bow.

I will, my ragged friend, says she,
Because you ask so prettily :
Orsilochus, a friend to Venus,
First fell, and after him Ormenus.
One kept a dram-shop in the Strand ;
T' other sold clothes at second hand
In Monmouth-street ; where if you've been, Sir,
You must have heard him cry, Walk in, Sir !
Then Lycophron a taylor fell,
And went to mend old clothes in hell ;
Unlucky dog ! the Fates did twist his
Small thread of life with Ophelestes,
A button-maker, who was shot,
And then poor Chromius went to pot.
Scarce was he down upon his back,
When Dacer fell with such a whack
Upon his ribs, it made 'em crack.

This Dacer was a penny barber,
That us'd both whores and rogues to harbour ;
So got his living within doors,
By shaving culls and curling whores.
Bold Hamopaon next he handles,
A famous maker of wax candles ;
Altho' of late he grew but shallow,
And mix'd his wax with stinking tallow.
Fierce Melenippus could not keep
His feet, but tumbled on the heap :
He in the Borough kept a slop-shop,
Exactly o'er against a hop-shop ;
From Teucer's bow an arrow pops,
And bump'd his guts through all his slops.
Besides all these, this spawn of whore
Reports he fell'd a dozen more :
But I can't think much credit's due
To one that shoots so long a bow.

When Agamemnon saw this whelp
Knocking folks down without his help,
He jump'd and skipp'd, and cried, Huzza !
I wish, my boy, that ev'ry day
You'd shewn us this same sort of play :
Of mighty service it had been
To keep the Grecians' breeches clean.
Since thou canst shoot with such a smack,
Well may thy good old daddy crack,
Than his true-born he loves thee more,
Because thy mother was a whore.
He quickly saw thy early worth,
And from the Foundling brought thee forth ;
Where hadst thou staid, thou'dst been a taylor,
Or else a blacksmith, or a nailer ;
But proud to find he'd such a son,
He paid the charge and brought thee home.

Now hear a Brentford monarch speak :
If Troy should tumble down next week,
First for myself, you may be sure,
I shall provide a buxom whore, }
Or three or four, or happen more ;
But when my proper share is reckon'd,
Depend upon't, you shall be second.
Besides a noble piece of gold,
And twenty shillings three times told,
I'll answer that the sons of Greece
Will let you choose the next best piece.

The youth replies : I would have you, Sir,
Know that your bribes are lost on Teucer ;
I neither fight for ale nor cake,
But drub the dogs for mischief's sake ;
I hate the Trojans, and would eat 'em,
Was there no other way to beat 'em ;

Eight darts I sent, and aim'd 'em full
At bully Hector's knotty skull ;
They hit eight sons of whores, 'tis granted,
But Hector was the whore's bird wanted :
Some damn'd old Lapland witch incog.
Defends that blust'ring Trojan dog.

Just as the words were out he straight
Let fly again at Hector's pate.
Again the arrow miss'd its mark,
But hit another Trojan spark,
Gorgythio call'd, of royal blood :
Old Priam got him when he could
Stand stiffly to't ; then all on fire-a
He kiss'd his mother Castianira,
And got this youth, as fine a boy
As ever broke a lamp in Troy,
Have you not, at the taylor's feast,
Beheld by chance a weak-brain'd guest,

Who is to drink no longer able,
But rests his head upon the table?
Just so this luckless lad did rest
His heavy nob upon his breast.
Another dart this spark hap-hazard
Let fly once more at Hector's mazzard :
It miss'd ; which made the Greek conjecture
Apollo turn'd the shaft from Hector—
Altho' it did not miss so far,
But brought the driver off the car ;
Poor Archeptolemus's jaws,
The coachman with the copper nose,
It hit ; his leather jacket rumbled
So loud, as on the ground he tumbled,
That all the horses in the cart
Could not refrain a sudden start.
When Hector saw his coachman fall,
It vex'd his liver, guts, and all.

Cebriones, a country lout,
By chance was gaping round about,
To him the bully Hec. calls out :
Here, you, sir, come and drive this cart ;
And if you find the horses start,
Keep a tight hand and proper check,
Or else, by Jove, they'll break your neck.
Then out he jumps, and, stooping down,
Took up a fine Scotch paving-stone ;
Just as the Grecian's bow was bent,
Hector this hard Scotch paving sent
With such a force, it broke the bow,
And snapp'd the catgut string in two,
Then smack'd his guts with such a thump,
He fell'd him flat upon his rump :
Alastor and Mecisteus bore him,
And Ajax clapp'd his potlid o'er him :

In this condition, all besh-t,
They lugg'd him to the Grecian fleet.
And now old father Jove we find,
Began to think he'd chang'd his mind
Too soon ; on which he fac'd about,
To help the drooping Trojans out.
The Greeks again forsook the fray,
And like brave fellows ran away :
Hard at their tails bold Hector keeps,
And drives them into th' ditch on heaps,
Pelted their Dutch-made heavy rumps,
And ply'd 'em off with kicks and thumps.
Thus I a farmer's cur have seen,
When sheep are driven o'er the green,
A constant waughing does he keep,
But only bites the hindmost sheep :
Thus did this fiery son of Mars
Lend the last knave a kick o' th' a—e ;

And now when out of breath for haste,
With loss of men the ditch they'd pass'd,
These fighting fellows, all so stout,
Just made a shift to turn about ;
There they saw Hector's cart-wheels reach
The very edge of this great ditch,
And there he stood the Grecians fright'ning
So much, they swore his eyes were lightning.
Some of their wise old soakers said
His noddle was a Gorgon's head :
But one deep-learn'd north-country elf
Swore 'twas the muckle de'il himself ;
For oft' before his face he'd seen,
And ken'd him by his saucer eyne.

Juno, whose nose was mighty tickle,
Soon smelt their most unsavoury pickle,
And, calling out to Pallas, cries,
Smite my black muff, and blast my eyes,

If all my patience is not gone
To see the Grecians so run down !
Help me to save 'em now or never,
Or else the dogs are lost for ever,
But how, we scarce have time to think ;
Smell you not how the rascals stink ?
Gods ! shall one scoundrel do this evil,
And drive such numbers to the devil ?
That son of a damn'd Trojan bitch,
See how he scares them 'cross the ditch !

Pallas replies, I see as well
As you or any one can tell
What yon infernal rascal's doing ;
But how to save our rogues from ruin
I can't devise ; your surly mate
Won't let me break that Hector's pate :
In vain to crack his skull I strive,
Your Jove will neither lead nor drive :

Th' immortal rogues forget us soon
As mortal rogues a favour done :
To me he came, and made great moan,
Begging that I would save his son,
The mighty kill-cow Hercules—
A clumsier dog one seldom sees ;
And yet the thief, with rare hard sweating,
Cost him three days and nights in getting !
I whipp'd me down to lend him help,
And often sav'd the clumsy whelp ;
But had I known his dad so well,
When last he took a trip to hell,
His journey should have been in vain,
I ne'er had help'd him back again :
The stumbling block that lay i' th' way
To hinder his return to day,
I'd have been stuck before I'd lift it,
But left the devil and him to shift it.

I've a good mind to go and beat his
Beloved minx, that goody Thetis ;
If e'er again she strokes his thighs,
I'll give the brimstone two black eyes ;
To humour her curs'd bastard's freaks,
He'll quite demolish all our Greeks ;
When 'tis too late, this face of gallows
Will call me his beloved Pallas.
Zounds ! don't stand here to wink and pink,
But get your chariot in a twink ;
Spite of the Thund'rer and his punk,
We'll make those Trojan scoundrels funk ;
Let us but land upon the shore,
Hector will hector them no more ;
When I and Juno come to fight 'em ;
The devil's in't if we can't fright 'em ;
And ten to one, but in a crack
We'll lay this Broughton on his back.

But if, in spite of all our cracks,
He lays us both upon our backs,
As things go now, the swagg'ring devil
Will scarce have time to be uncivil :
And if he has, his whoring sconce
Can only trim us one at once ;
So whilst one gets her bus'ness done,
The other will have time to run.

Her voice then ceas'd thro' rage and spleen,
Whilst Jove's eternal scolding queen
Lent the poor Trojans fifty curses,
Before she went to fetch her horses ;
But yet, tho' pinch'd for time, took pains
To tie red ribbands to their manes :
When Pallas instantly threw down
Her daggled petticoat and gown,
Nor staid to fold her ragged placket,
But whipp'd her on a buff-skin jacket

So glaz'd with grease all o'er the stitches,
It shin'd like Ashley's greasy breeches.
Upon the car she took her stand,
And shook a broomstaff in her hand,
So large, that, tie a proper heap
Of broom o' th' end on't, it would sweep
All London streets, I'm pretty sure,
Quite clean in less than half an hour,
And sowse into the Thames drive all
The rubbish, aldermen and all.
Juno soon got upon the box,
And drives the geldings with a pox :
The Hours, as they had done before,
Stood on the watch to ope the door.
Eager to crack poor Hector's crown,
They gallop'd neck or nothing down :
But Jove, who kept a sharp look-out,
Saw what the brimstones were about,

On which he calls for Kitty Iris :
Kitty, says he, my pluck on fire is,
And every toe about me itches
To have a kick at yon damn'd bitches,
Because so impudently they
My strict commands dare disobey :
Fly, meet the brimstones both, and tell 'em
A thousand fathom deep I'll fell 'em,
Kill both their nags, and break their wheels,
And tie the beldames neck and heels,
And, spite of all that they can say,
Whether they scold, or swear, or pray,
Expose their brawny bums together
For ten long years to wind and weather,
Where every passenger that comes
Shall take a slap at both their bums !
But speak you to Minerva first,
Because, at present, she's the worst :

As for my rib, tho' shame to tell,
She pleads old custom to rebel :
But now I mind her noise no more
Than Fielding minds a scolding whore.

On this the rainbow Goddess strides
Her broomshaft, and away she rides :
(By Homer's own account, we find
At any time she'd beat the wind).
She met the chariot on the slope,
Plague on you both ! says Iris, stop :
Such foolish journeys why begin ye ?
Jove thinks the devil must be in ye ;
And so do I : he bid me tell ye,
A thousand fathom deep he'll fell ye,
Kill both your nags, and break your wheels,
And tie you by the neck and heels,
And, spite of all that you can say,
Whether you scold, or swear, or pray,

Expose your brawny bums together,
 For ten long years to wind and weather,
 Where every passenger that comes,
 Shall take a slap at both your bums :
 To you, Minerva, I speak first,
 Because he thinks you're now the worst :
 As for his rib, 'tis shame to tell,
 She pleads old custom to rebel :
 But much he wonders what bewitches
 Your busy pate, you bitch of bitches * !
 Like lightning then away she flew ;
 Her speech tho' made 'em both look blue :

* The reader, perhaps, may think I make Iris abuse the goddess of wisdom too much in the Billingsgate style ; but if he will peruse Homer, he will find Iris ten times more abusive in Greek, than I could make her in English. Homer, l. 8. lin. 423 ; *Αἰνοτάτην κύνει ἀδίδεες*. This part of Iris's abuse is not in commission from Jove, it naturally arises from the petulant malignity of the messenger. Gentle reader, if you would avoid endless quarrels, never employ an ill-natured female to deliver an angry message to one of her own sex ; for it must be a very angry message indeed that a woman cannot make an addition to.

They star'd like honest Johnny Wade,
When he one evening with the maid
A game at pushpin had begun,
And madam came before he'd done !
But Juno, tho' her guts and mazzard
Work'd like a guile-fat, yet no hazard
She chose to run, so curb'd her swell,
And seem'd to take it mighty well,
But could not help from wriggling hard,
Like mother * * * *, when a card
Goes very cross, and cuts her soul
By losing a sans prendre vole.

Our rage, my crony, with a pox,
Has brought us in a damn'd wrong box ;
I've just found out, it strange and odd is,
That each of us, a powerful goddess,
Should with our crusty Thund'rer squabble,
And all for what ?—A mortal rabble.

E'en let 'em live with custard cramm'd,
Or die all placemen and be damn'd ;
Let Jove give victory, or rout 'em,
No more I'll fret my guts about 'em.

On this she gave her tits a smack,
And pull'd the reins to keep 'em back ;
But all the while they turn'd 'em, she
Kept crying Gee, plague rot ye, gee !
When they were fairly turn'd about,
Full speed once more the tits set out,
And gallop'd up the hill as soon
Within an ace as they came down :
The Hours unloos'd 'em, rubb'd their coats,
And gave 'em half a peck of oats ;
Then fetch'd clean straw to make their bed,
And put the chariot in a shed ;
Whilst the two brims, with bashful faces,
Sneak'd off, and went to take their places.

And now old-Jove was tir'd of Ida,
And up to heaven he took a ride-a ;
But drove his geldings with such ire,
For want of grease his wheels took fire.
Lest they should burn the horses' bums,
In a great splutter Neptune comes :
With an old sail he call'd his fish-clout,
Which serv'd for table-cloth and dish-clout,
Th' old soaker in an instant reels out,
And smothers both the burning wheels out.
Away walk'd Jove, and took his seat
I' th' hall where all their godships meet ;
But with such weight he mov'd his toe,
It made an earthquake here below,
And in a wicked Popish town
Tumbled a hundred convents down,
And sent inquisitors and friars,
With shoals of other holy liars,

Smoothly, without a single rub,
To see their patron Beelzebub,
Into whose territories tho'
They all were certain they must go,
Yet at that time you may be sure
They thought it rather premature.

But to the point. Like our lord mayor,
With solemn phiz, Jove took the chair ;
Juno and Pallas in the hall
Both look'd as if they'd something stole :
They squinted up, and saw he frown'd,
So whipp'd their eyes upon the ground,
And seem'd as gravely to be list'ning
As harlots at a country christ'ning :
He smil'd to find this lucky push
For once had made the brimstones blush ;
So instantly began to chatter :
Juno and Pallas, what's the matter ?

What made ye both return so soon !
I thought you'd ta'en a trip to town
To pull some bawdy-houses down,
For Juno's sake, who can't endure
The sight of either rogue or whore ;
And therefore I expected soon
To see the bagnio's tumbling down,
And noseless rogues, eat up with pox,
And whores in nothing but their smocks,
Running, like devils, helter skelter
To wine and brandy shops for shelter.
Pray give me leave tho' to enquire,
Is Troy demolish'd, or on fire ?
But know, ye vixens, I shall make
Your grumbling guts and gizzards ache,
If e'er again ye dare to fratch
With him who is your overmatch ;
For all the underlings o' the sky
When I begin to kick must fly.

Therefore, I say, beware your mazzards,
And run no more such foolish hazards :
If my enchanted wand I shake,
You'll feel your guts and livers quake :
Whoever dares my wrath oppose,
With red-hot tongs I'll pinch his nose,
And make him caper, roar, and snivel
As great St. Dunstan did the Devil.

The moment that he did begin
This speech, the gipsies dropp'd their chin,
And ere he made an end o' th' song,
Their faces grew a full yard long ;
But yet their comfort was, that all
The race of whoring Troy would fall.
Pallas so much with wrath was gor'd,
She could not speak a single word :
But Juno's passion was so strong
She could not hold her noisy tongue ;

So, scolding at her usual rate,
She thus attack'd her loving mate :

 You know you're stronger far than all us,
Or else such names you durst not call us,
But split me if I don't believe
You swinge the Greeks to make us grieve !
'Tis not strict justice guides your rod,
'Tis contradiction all, by G-d !

And yet you can pretend that no man
Is half so positive as woman ;
But 'tis a base invented fiction :

Man taught poor woman contradiction :
For Greece you sit and see us grieve,
And wo'n't an inch of comfort give ;
By your cross surly face we're snubb'd,
And forc'd to see the Grecians drubb'd ;
But let us give 'em counsel fit,
Or every soul will be besh-t.

To Jove she chatter'd at this rate,
And thus reply'd old Surly-pate :
Vulcan my thunderbolts is bright'ning,
And store of rosin's ground for lightning * :
Therefore to-morrow morn-with thunder
I'll scare 'em so, you need not wonder
If half the ragged sons of bitches
With downright fear bepiss their breeches.
Nor let your restless gizzards grumble
Tho' you see dozens of 'em tumble ;
Hector sha'n't cease o' th' bum to kick 'em,
Or with his old cheese-toaster stick 'em,
Till he shall lay his luckless paws
Across Pelides' fav'rite's jaws ;
Then in a passion shall Achilles
Fight like a devil—such my will is :

* They make lightning at the play-house with rosin pounded very small, and thrown through the flame of a candle.

Nor shall it alter, tho' you stay,
And scold for ever and a day :
To Lapland go, where witches dwell,
Or Strombello, the mouth of Hell ;
There arm both conjurors and witches,
I'll smoke the dogs, and burn the bitches.

Mean time the Sun, with phiz so bright,
Walk'd off, and up came madam Night :
The Grecians thought her mighty civil ;
The 'Trojans wish'd her at the devil :
But as the Greeks were forc'd to yield,
The bully Trojans kept the field.
Hector, resolv'd the dogs to maul,
Doth instantly a council call,
That he might have their sanction to
Perform what he design'd to do—
A trick, I've heard some people say,
Our gen'als practise to this day.

But as the Grecians lay so near,
That they perhaps his speech might hear,
He led 'em to Scamander's banks,
Where down they sat to ease their shanks.
His quarterstaff in his right hand
He fix'd, to help to make him stand,
On which he lean'd when he thought fit :
(You know a speaker ne'er should sit
Till his oration's at an end,
Whether they do or not attend) :
This staff, which he in battle bore,
Was three yards long, or rather more,
With bladders tied each end thereon,
To scare folks as he knock'd 'em down
Forward the chief his body bends,
Like Gl-ver, and began, My friends,
If you will yield me due attention,
Some thoughts that just occur, I'll mention :

This day we hop'd the Grecian boats
To burn, and steal their thread-bare coats ;
But, to our great and grievous sorrow,
We cannot do it till to-morrow,
Because that black-guard Mrs. Night
Came in and drove away the light.
Howe'er, 'tis fit, by beat of drum,
To let her know we see she's come,
And that, come when she will, 'tis proper
For thinking men to think of supper.
After we've eat our cheese and bread,
Let all men see their horses fed ;
For never was that ostler born
That would not cheat 'em of their corn
Unless you keep a sharp look-out ;
And I, depend upon't, will do't.
The town will send us in, of course,
Both provender for man and horse ;

To stop our drunken knaves from sleeping,
A thousand bonfires let us keep in ;
These fires will shine as bright as day,
And then the Greeks can't run away :
But if they do, the rogues shall find most
Confounded doings for the hindmost ;
For, should they pop away i' th' dark,
We'll give 'em every man a mark,
Such as may last each man his life,
To shew his roaring brats and wife,
And warn the thieving sons of Tartars
How they again beat up our quarters.
Next, to the town, if you think well,
We'll send the bellman with his bell,
Who with his rusty voice may call
The hobbling watchmen to the wall :
And to prevent all needless frights,
Let the old women hang out lights,

Lest, whilst the shades of night are on us,
The Grecians steal a march upon us,
And, sily entering the town,
Trim all our wives both up and down.
To-night these orders are enough,
To-morrow we will work their buff:
I've a great notion that we may
Drive these infernal rogues away,
Or tie the rascals to a stake fast,
To give our dogs and cats a breakfast.
Therefore this single night let's watch;
And when the morning streaks you catch,
Get all the link-boys you can hire,
And set their huts and boats on fire:
Then shall myself and Diomede
Decide whose nose shall soonest bleed,
And whose propitious fate prevails,
When weigh'd in Justice Cox's scales.

Soon as to-morrow's dawn appears,
I'll dust his cap about his ears ;
This good oak stick shall crack his crown,
And knock his rogues by dozens down :
As sure as I perform this task,
May I obtain whate'er I ask ;
With my lord-mayor to dine on Sundays,
Or common-council-men on Mondays,
To cram my guts with tart and custard,
And goose with apple-sauce and mustard,
Or guttle down six pound of turtle,
And drink the glorious and immortal :
In joy thus eat, or fast in sorrow,
As I shall drub the rogues to-morrow !

He ceas'd, and all the captains praise
This noble speech with three huzzas.
After they'd loos'd from off the yoke
The horses, wet with sweat and smoke,

And tied, to keep the nags apart,
Each tit behind his owner's cart ;
Then came fat bacon from the town,
With bread (but ev'ry loaf was brown),
And a good stock of mild and stale,
Tho' not one cask of Yorkshire ale :
The victuals they began to cook ;
But for their gods, to make a smoke,
They bought some guts ; but all that night
Their godships had no appetite,
Puff'd the smoke from them in a sputter,
And quarrel'd with their bread and butter.
Juno, that fratching quean, pretended
Her sense of smelling was offended :
Jove said he felt a queerish funk,
And Pallas swore the guts all stunk.
Thus did Troy find, to all their cost,
A very handsome supper lost,

Tho' their great courage did not droop,
Because good liquor kept it up.
As, when a show'r in London streets
By rubbish thrown a stoppage meets,
A ragged blackguard with his link
Attends your steps across the sink,
The link directs you where to get
To save your shoes from dirt and wet ;
So, by the help of blazing fires,
You'd see the Trojans' wooden spires ;
And twice five hundred fires as bright
As those that grace the annual night
That sav'd us from the Powder-plot,
These roaring sons of Troy had got ;
Each fire did fifty Trojans view,
So drunk, they laid 'em down to spew :
The horses shew their cart-horse breeding,
And kick each other whilst they're feeding.

THE NINTH BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

ARGUMENT.

THIS book begins with Atreus' son
Persuading all his Greeks to run ;
Let's haste, says he, and save our lives,
And like good husbands kiss our wives ;
For, if we stay, be sure Old Nick
Will play us some damn'd slipp'ry trick ;
Nor hope the sooty-fac'd old boy
Will e'er desert his fav'rite Troy.

At this fine speech Tydides swore
Worse than he'd ever done before,
And spoke his mind, because he reckon'd
Old Chatterbags would be his second :
Here he was right : th' old cock begun,
And d—d his eyes if he would run.
They then consult to know which way
They can with any safety stay.
Old Square-toes in the humour still is
To try and reconcile Achilles ;
Then adds, I think it not amiss is
To send both Ajax and Ulysses.
As he propos'd, they both are sent,
And with them'goody Phœnix went.
Now, tho' it plain appears, that each
Made in his turn a pretty speech,
And did with as much cunning plead
As * * * * *, when he's double-feed,
Achilles turn'd it all to farce,
And clapp'd his hand upon his a—e.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

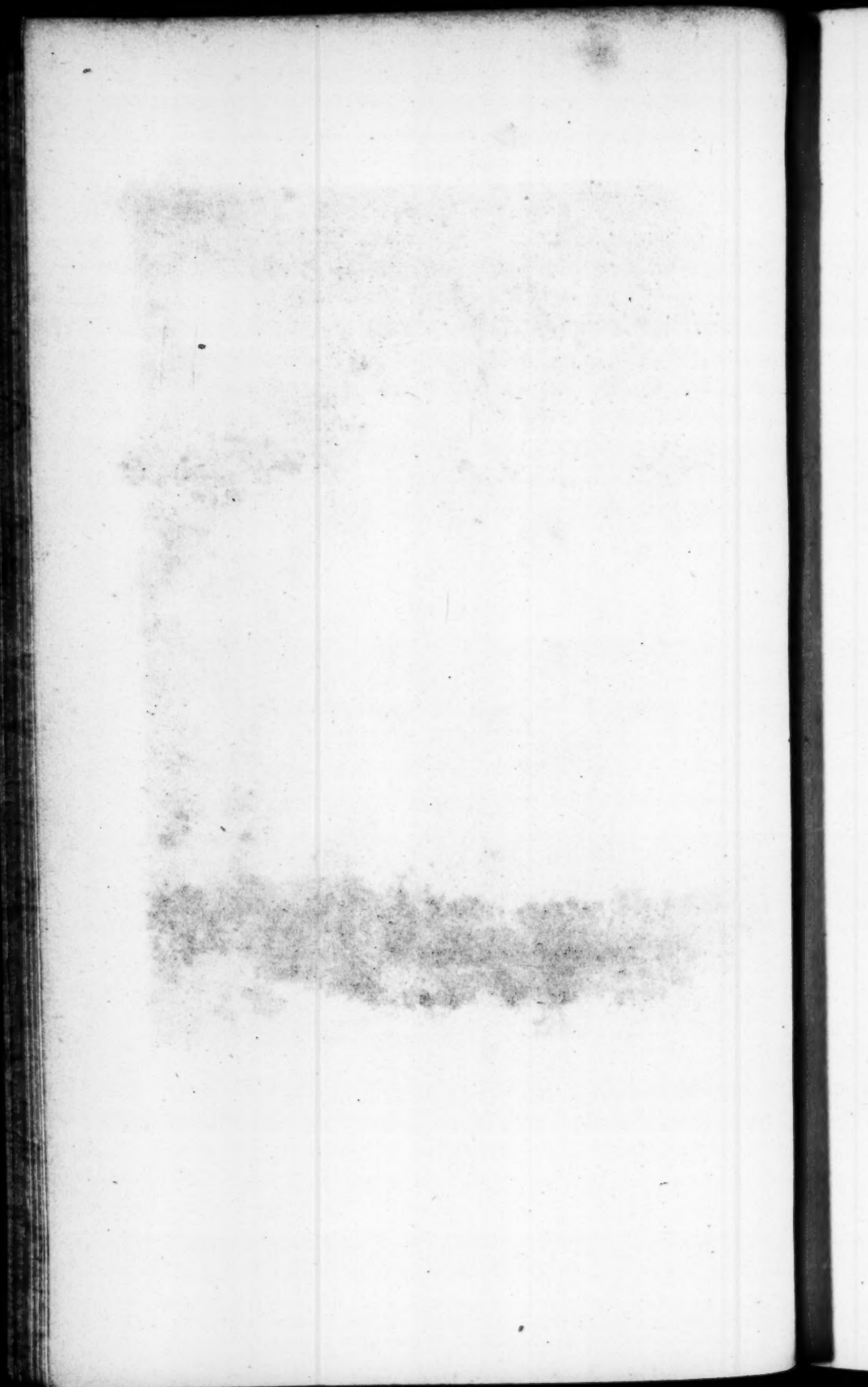
WHILST Troy's bold sons with shouts ^{[drunk,} get
The conquer'd Grecians sweat and funk.
As when a taylor's boy has got
His master's goose almost red hot,
The coat it singes ; straight the fire
The bloody taylor fills with ire :
He thumps the lad with all his might,
First with his left hand, then his right ;
The bastard's head, on both sides beat,
Can neither stay, nor yet retreat ;

No chance for his escape appears,
Whilst double storms attack his ears :
Just so it far'd with Greece ; away
They could not run, nor durst they stay ;
Poor Agamemnon was distress'd
Nine times as much as all the rest ;
(You'll say, perhaps, How could he choose ?
For he'd nine times as much to lose) :
Howe'er, he calls his man, to send him
To beg the captains would attend him ;
But charges him before he goes
To bid 'em tread upon their toes.
As they were bid, they found their legs,
But walk'd as if they trod on eggs.
Their near approach the chief espying,
Rose up to shew 'em he was crying ;
And ere his doleful tale began,
He sobb'd and blubber'd like a man.



Book IX. — page 124.

*As they were bid, they found their legs,
But walk'd as if they trod on eggs,
Their near approach the chief espying,
Rose up, to shew 'em he was crying.*



They found him in this piteous case,
Tears running down his dirty face :
So, when retention's lost, there steals
A salt stream down th' old lady's heels.

At length he spoke : Good lack-a-day !
In these hard times what can we say ?
Of Jove we all complain with justice,
For in his royal word no trust is :
The oracles of wise Apollo
Have likewise been a little hollow ;
Betwixt 'em both we're finely nick'd
And get most tightly thump'd and kick'd :
They promis'd we our fobs should cram,
But now you see 'tis all a flam ;
For Jove, if ever he design'd
To do us good, has chang'd his mind ;
Altho' so much concern he feels,
He gives us leave to trust our heels.

Therefore I vote that ev'ry man
Trot home as fast as e'er he can,
Nor hope that we shall e'er destroy
This heaven-defended whore's nest, Troy.

He spoke ; and each bold Grecian son
Look'd as he'd neither lost nor won,
But gaping stood till Diomede
Began to speak, and speak he did :

You told me, Sir, I late begun
To fight, but rot me if I run !
No cause of quarrel Diom. seeks,
But we are lost if no man speaks :
You bawl'd so loud, tho' I was near you,
You made our raggamuffins hear you ;
Tho' then I thought it good to wink on't,
Seal up my day-lights, but I'll think on't !
Great Jove, whose power all power surpasses,
Who makes great men of calves and asses.

Witness the English h^{ouse}— of p^{ears}—,
And c^{ommon}—s too of later years,
Witness the ministers of ^{state}—,
And privy c^{councils}—s of late,
Witness their treaties with the French,
Witness their j^{udge}—s on the bench,
Witness their bishops, priests, and deacons,
All pious souls, but very weak ones ;
Witness their justices of peace,
And lawyers too ; but let me cease
To chatter more this kind of stuff,
I think there's witnesses enough :
So to my text, as parsons say ;
The Gods, when they mix'd up thy clay,
Put half and half, and let thee pass
Half a great booby, half an ass ;
But I am sure they could not then
Design thee to command brave men,

Because to give thee they thought fit
A soul no bigger than a knit!
Would any bold commander, pray,
Persuade his rogues to run away?
And then 'tis ten to one you'll swear
The raggamuffins ran for fear.
You and your sneaking crew may run;
But take my word, since I've begun
To kick and cuff, you may depend on't
I'll tarry here, and see the end on't.
Then don't this fair occasion slip,
But get on board thy rotten ship;
The rest, I hope, will scorn to mog off,
And dim my day-lights, if I'll jog off!
But stay to fire yon whoring town,
And pull their barns and cocklofts down.
But if they all should chuse to fly,
Stenny will stay, and so will I.

When once I've enter'd, know I am
As steady as a Rockingham,
Whose country's cause will ever be
His object to eternity.

Like him I'll knaves and fools oppose,
But join both heart and hand with those
Whose words as well as actions shew
They love their king and country too :
In such a cause I'll never flinch,
And smite me if I stir an inch !
With heaven we came when we begun,
And hell itself sha'n't make us run.

He ended here ; and all the crowd
Began to shout so very loud,
You'd think each man would burst his liver
With roaring, Diomede for ever !
When up the rev'rend figure rear'd
Of chatt'ring Nestor's grizzle beard,

And spoke ; the chiefs all silent sit
As members when they're humm'd by Pitt.

Thus he begins : My trusty knight,
Stick to your text, by G— you're right !
I like a man that never starves it,
But blames king George, if he deserves it ;
And yet before you gave it o'er
You might have said a little more :
I'll speak, nor do I think the thing
Will vex the people or the king.
Damnation seize and overtake
The man that fights for fighting sake !
Such rogues the world would over-run,
And break good people's heads for fun ;
But we, tho' under feet we're trod,
Have justice on our side, by G-d !
Therefore to-night let sentries watch us,
Lest these confounded rascals catch us

All fast asleep. But first 'tis proper
To give these sentinels some supper :
Then thou, whose pow'r no man controls,
To council call the grave old souls ;
Before the bus'ness you begin,
Give each old buff a dram of gin ;
'Twill cheer their hearts, with age quite shrunk,
But don't you make th' old firelocks drunk ;
For counsel good no honest fellow
Can give, if he is more than mellow :
With mod'rate share of meat and drink
They'll freely chatter what they think,
And, like a City congregation
Who meet sometimes for the good o' th' nation,
Some one, before the close of night,
May blunder on a thing that's right.
See but yon Trojan fires so near us !
If we but sneeze, they overhear us ;

Whilst then so nigh our boats they keep,
The devil fetch me if I'll sleep !
To-morrow morn begins the jumble,
Where Troy must fall, or Greece must tumble.

'Twas thus old Grey-beard spoke ; and straight
Each sentry posted to his gate :
The son * the father first obey'd,
To shew he minded what he said :
(For in those times a son would do
Things that are out of fashion now) :
Ascalaphus, the son of Mars,
Follow'd this hero hard at a—e,
Along with bold Ialmen, who
Was bully Mars's bastard too ;
Merion and Diepyrus
Went next, and then Aphereus ;
Last came the valiant Lycomedes ;
A hardy whelp of Creon's breed.

* Thrasymede,

Twice fifty constables, all knaves,
Guarded each bully with their staves ;
Not one durst sit upon his crupper,
But standing mump'd his crust for supper.
The chief, both hungry and afraid,
Had in his tent a supper made ;
Tho' matters wore no pleasing looks,
He had not yet discharg'd his cooks ;
'Tis true, he oft had thought upon
A proper reformation,
And taken good advice from all but
The very man he should, L—d T——t,
Who soon would bring that scheme to pass,
And send his drunken cooks to grass.
But as there's nought on earth can look
So dismal as a half-starv'd cook,
I hope, for these poor devils' sake,
He won't such sneaking methods take,

But let each honest red-nos'd cook
Die as he's liv'd, in fire and smoke.

All the old cocks were bidden to
This melancholy supper, who
Were capable at this bad bout
By good advice to help them out :
They ate a deal, but drank much more,
Nor stopp'd till they were half seas o'er ;
Nestor, who on this weighty summons
(Like speakers in the house of c——s)
First penn'd a speech, then got it off,
Began to hawk, and spit, and cough,
Then spoke : Thou monarch, who, in troth,
Exceed'st the kings of Brentford both !
Thou powerful chief, bedeck'd with ermine, }
Who, as thy fancy shall determine, }
Canst pull down men, and set up vermin,
A thing you did some time ago,
To shew the folks what you could do

Upon a pinch ; but if again
You do it, Nestor tells you plain
All honest men will so resent it,
They'll give you reason to repent it.
Tho' you are honest we are sure,
Yet if you give to rascals power,
The wrongs you suffer them to do
Will all be justly laid on you,
And, spite of all that you can say for't,
The folks at last will make you pay for't.
In matters of this kind you'll find me
Much older than yourself, so mind me ;
Cares that o'erload my upper shelf
Belong to you, and not myself ;
In weighty matters don't be nice,
But always jump at good advice :
Tho' I'm the man of sense to make it,
Yet if you've sense enough to take it,

The gaping crowd will all agree
That you're as wise a man as me :
To seem exceeding wise, we know,
Is half as good as being so.
A noodle with a well-tim'd shrug
May any time the world humbug ;
Then hear me, for I'll utter nought
But what I think, and always thought :
I told you, when you made such gabbling,
When Thetis' son and you were squabbling,
And like two blackguard scoundrels swore,
And curs'd, and damn'd about a whore,
That through my spectacles I saw,
Like Winchelsea, how things would go ;
I saw the bully would resent it,
And told you who would first repent it ;
And to your cost you find out now
I told you nought but what was true.

But as that matter's done and o'er,
And can't be help'd, I'll say no more :
The man's a puppy that begins
To kick his neighbour's broken shins ;
Only 'tis time you strive to please him ;
You vex'd him, and you must appease him.

The chief then answers to the knight,
Flux me, old buff, but you are right !
I see as plain as in a glass,
You're a wise man and I'm an ass.
Too late I find that great strong elf
Is half an army of himself ;
For him, that water-witch his mother
Drives us on heaps o'er one another :
Fain would I alter what I've done,
And strive to please both witch and son :
A bribe must fetch him, or he can,
I'll take my oath, be no great man ;

For never yet of all that tribe
Could any one resist a bribe.
A star and ribband, or a pension,
Will overset the best intention ;
Make patriots, like the courtiers, civil,
And sell their country to the devil.
Therefore, bear witness all around,
I hereby offer him ten pound,
Seven iron pans to boil his fish in,
And twenty chamber-pots to piss in ;
I'll likewise add a dozen nags,
That soon will fill his empty bags
By winning plates ; not one is idle,
But ev'ry horse has won his bridle—
Nay, some have won a saddle too—
But of that sort there's very few.
Their pedigrees are all so good,
That few their equals are in blood :

Out of the twelve, he'll find eleven
Have got a ring-bone or a spavin,
Which is the surest sign indeed
They're of the very tip-top breed.
Besides, I'll give him seven wenches,
With fists so hard, they've kept their trenches
From being storm'd ; if any clown
Offer'd to touch, they'd knock him down—
'Twould do him good if he would stop
And see how well they twirl a mop,
And spin so fine, they weekly earn
Their sixteen pence in spinning yarn—
All these I'll give him out and out,
And add the wench we fratch'd about ;
For his broad back doth so bewitch her,
She never yet would let me switch her.
Besides all this, when we have taken
The town, with all their eggs and bacon,

Of guttling stuff he shall have store,
Besides full twenty wenches more ;
Himself shall be the first who chooses,
And what on trial he refuses
We'll take ourselves ; then he shall go
To Greece, and be my son-in-law ;
The farm that I have under care,
Orestes and himself shall share :
Lastly, three daughters I can boast,
All taught to bake, and boil, and roast ;
Girls, that, besides plain work and stitching,
Can do the business of the kitchen,
Can make a pudding or a pie,
Or toss you up a lambstone fry ;
Laodice and Iphigene,
Two tighter girls are seldom seen ;
In the sun's rays there not a beam is
So bright as red-hair'd Chrysothemis ;

All three are dev'lish sprightly jades,
And sore against their will are maids.
These in their Sunday's yard-wide stuff,
Or, if he pleases, dress'd in buff,
I'll let him see to take his choice,
Like which he will, he has my voice ;
And for her portion I'll give more
Than * * * * * spends upon his whore ;
The mayor of Garrat shall not be
So great a man by half as he,
Because, those mighty gifts to crown,
I'll make him bailiff of a town,
With six fine villages about it—
And keep my word, he need not doubt it.
He shall command Enope's people,
And Cardamyle without a steeple ;
Pheræ and Pedasus, whose trees
Produce so many gooseberries,

That I am told they yearly bottle
No less than fifteen hundred pottle,
And every pottle in the year
Brings them at least five farthings clear ;
Hira's good pastures and Epea,
And special fields about Anthea,
Where all the farmers fill their purses
By grazing brewers' founder'd horses :—
These, standing on the salt-sea beach,
Almost as far as Pylos reach,
Where bulls, and cows, and oxen roar,
And men get drunk, and women whore.—
See what I offer to appease him,
The devil's in't if this don't please him :
By pray'rs the hardest thing relaxes ;
Nothing stands fix'd, but death and taxes.

Nestor, whose silence gave him pain,
Starts up to chatter once again :

Now, by my soul, 'tis bravely offer'd !
Singe my old beard if I'd have proffer'd
'Bove half as much ! This must convince
The man, that you're a noble prince.
And now we've talk'd the matter fully,
Let's send and tell this stiff-rump'd bully
Your princely offer ; I will warrant
To find men proper for the errand,
Men that can strut it, and look big,
With store of guts as well as wig.
In such-like cases, when we can,
We mostly send an alderman ;
But since none came in our old lighters,
(Few aldermen, God knows, are fighters),
We'll send some people in their places,
With aldermanic guts and faces.
There's Phœnix, like myself, grown wise,
He knows the use of well-plac'd lies ;

Then Ajax, with a head so big,
If we can fit him with a wig,
He'll quickly make Achilles stare,
And think we've sent my good lord-mayor.
But I'm afraid we cannot get him
A busby large enough to fit him ;
Because, when we set out, I know,
He look'd all over Middle-Row,
But could not find one, up or down,
Half deep enough to fit his crown ;
Which is the cause he's forc'd to wear
His old thrum night-cap all the year.
Ulysses too, to mend the job,
Must help 'em with his fudging nob :
He'll tell more lies for half a crown
Than any shopkeeper in town.
And then, to close the farce, and make
It look like bus'ness, let 'em take

Two beadles with their brass-nobb'd staves,
I hate to see things done by halves.
When they are gone, let us prepare
To whisper every man a prayer :
But do not let the Trojans hear,
Lest they should think we pray for fear ;
Tho', if they can but nose it well,
They'll guess our pickle by the smell.

And now, as usual, his oration
Receiv'd a gen'ral approbation :
The messengers soon left their places ;
But first they wash'd their dirty faces,
And with an old tin dredging-box
Scatter'd some meal upon their locks,
Then from a swinging pitcher full
Of ale each took a hearty pull.
Now Nestor had a sort of dread
This ale might get into their head ;

And they, perhaps, might chatter then
Like drunken common-council men,
And tell the king to whom they're sent,
They came to pay a compliment,
But end their message with a spice
Of drunken hickuping advice ;
So follow'd of his own accord,
And begg'd that not one angry word
Might 'scape their jaws, and that Ulyss,
Whose roguish tricks did seldom miss,
Would see the greatest care was taken,
In this great strait to save their bacon.

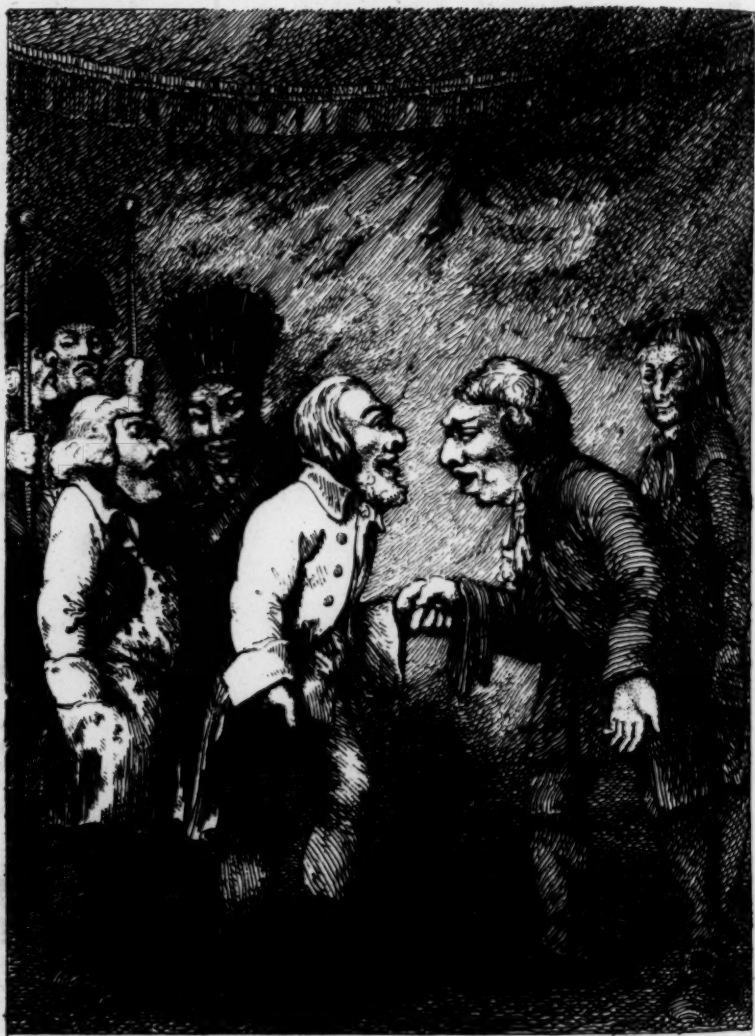
Away they trudg'd in dreadful plight,
Because it was so dark a night
They could not see a spark of light ;
But they could hear the billows roar
As they came rumbling on the shore,
Which made 'em, whilst their way they kept on,
Lug out a prayer or two to Neptune :

Neptune, quoth they, we all could wish }
That you would help us to a dish }
Of sprats or smelts, or any fish,
Or, what will likeliest do the thing,
A little handful of old ling ;
For that's an article will melt
A judge's heart, unless he's gelt.
But they might pray, and pray, and pray,
Neptune was out of luck that day,
Tho' he had fish'd from morn to night,
He had not got a single bite ;
Nor (should their souls depend on that)
Could he assist them with a sprat,
Or e'en a shrimp ; but as for ling,
Th' old fisherman had no such thing :
As fast as honest Neptune cur'd it,
That whoring rogue, that Jove, secur'd it ;
For, tho' a god in ev'ry thing,
He was a devil at old ling.

But be that matter as it may,
By great good luck they grop'd their way ;
When they came near this son of Mars,
They saw him sitting on his a—,
Making such ugly faces that
They thought him grinning for a hat ;
But he, good man, upon his rump,
Was playing on a brass jew-trump,
And 'cause the music pleas'd him much,
He gap'd and grinn'd at ev'ry touch ;
Only Patroclus tarried near him,
No mortal else would stay to hear him—
Rather than stay to hear him play
The very rats were run away.

Just in the middle of his airs
They stole upon him unawares ;
But, when he peep'd and saw them come,
He whipp'd him up from off his bum,





Book IX. — page 149.

*Achilles seiz'd them by their hands,
• And begg'd to know their best commands:
"Welcome old friends, to me yet dear!"
"Pray, what the devil brought you here?"*

And clapp'd the trump into his pocket,
So quick, Ulysses thinks he broke it :
Patroclus too was on his rump,
And like him gave a sudden jump :
Achilles seiz'd 'em by their hands,
And begg'd to know their best commands :

 Welcome, old friends, to me yet dear !
Pray, what the devil brought you here ?
If you are come to me for help,
From that infernal noisy whelp,
And hither trudg'd to ask my aid,
You must be hellishly afraid ;
And that ye are, I need not tell ye,
Because, to speak the truth, I smell ye,

 At this he pointed to his tent ;
They made a leg, and in they went,
Where down the heroes clapp'd their docks
On woollen cushions stuff'd with flocks.

Patroclus, says Achilles, you
Must know, of all the Grecian crew
I like these cocks; so do not fail
To get a pot of mild and stale
Of Dolly Pumplenose, and tell her
To send the best in all the cellar.

Patroclus ran and fetch'd the beer,
And then prepar'd for better cheer:
With a cow-heel he first began,
And fry'd it in an old brass pan;
But first he soak'd an offal piece,
To suck up all the verdigrise—
Had he not ta'en such care, he might
Have poison'd all his friends outright,
Because from hist'ry it appears
The pan had not been us'd some years.
Automedon soon fetch'd a candle,
Then held the frying-pan by th' handle,

Whilst great Achilles fell to work
To cut some steaks of beef and pork :
Patroclus, at his friend's desire,
Made what we call a roaring fire,
At which the steaks were nicely cook'd,
Except a few a little smok'd ;
Tho' his sharp hungry guests would not
Believe 'em smok'd, but smoking hot.
For table-cloth Pelides spread
A sheet he took from off his bed,
Then gave each man a cake of bread ;
And, that the gods might have their due,
The fat into the fire he threw ;
For heathen gods, if you'll enquire,
Are pleas'd when all the fat's i' th' fire.

Then they fell on their meat and cakes,
And gobbled up the heel and steaks.

After they'd ta'en some time to drink,
To Phœnix Ajax tipp'd the wink ;
Ulysses soon the signal spies,
(For he kept watch with both his eyes)
Then pours a glass of ale by stealth,
And cries, Achilles, Sir, your health,
With forty thousand thanks, d'ye see,
For this your kind civility :
Great Agamemnon, smite my crupper !
Could not have cook'd a better supper.
But, tho' you've fill'd our skins so full
Of meat and drink, yet still we're dull,
Because the day is hardly pass'd,
That saw us all so tightly thrash'd ;
And now we stand upon the brink
Of ruin, and shall surely sink
If you don't come ; for I'm mistaken
If aught alive can save our bacon,

Unless you kindly will assist,
And let 'em feel your mutton fist.
Peep out, you'll see the Trojans keep
Us all coop'd up like Smithfield sheep ;
They talk of singeing all our tails,
And burning both our masts and sails :
Great Jove himself, or else the devil,
Has been so very kind and civil,
As box all day on Hector's side,
And lend him strength to trim our hide—
That Hector who the world defies,
And carries lightning in his eyes ;
His stomach is so full of ire,
That when he riffs he belches fire ;
We heard him plain his comrades tell
I' th' morn he'll ring our passing bell,
And send both men and boats to hell :

}


It gave me such a twitch o' th' gripes
To see the rascal deal his stripes,
I've hardly got quite clear on't yet,
And still I'm in a reeking sweat,
Lest he to-morrow morn come out,
And once more kick us all about.
Is it not very hard we must
Lay all our nobs in Trojan dust,
Because at present you don't list
To help us with your clumsy fist?
But, dear Achilles, now or never
Jump up, and smite that Hector's liver,
And you'll oblige your friends for ever :
But if you let us all be slain,
Sink me, if e'er we fight again !
No steps, my friend, that you can tread
Will help us when we're knock'd o' th' head ;

Therefore in time observe, I pray,
What your old daddy us'd to say :
My son, said he, and strok'd thy locks,
Thou'rt strong enough to fell an ox ;
But, for all that, keep clear of brabbling,
Or else you'll get a name for squabbling,
And then depend high words and high blows
Will bring you nought but kicks and dry blows ;
But quiet dealings and good nature
Will please folks so, that ev'ry creature
Will say, in spite of your thick jowl,
'Tis a good-natur'd honest soul.
But, in your wrath, if you perhaps
Should lend a man a slap o' th' chaps,
Your mutton fist will bruise his jaw,
(Remember that I told you so)
For which, if you don't run away,
You'll have the surgeon's bill to pay.

If any blust'ring son of Mars
Affront you, bid him kiss your a— !
Whether he tarries then or goes off,
Don't strike him, lest you knock his nose off.
Pray do not, like a graceless knave,
Despise th' advice your daddy gave ;
But, if you'll grant Atrides' prayer,
He'll give you——stop and you shall hear
What a great gainer you'll be by't ;
I have it down in black and white :
Before the elders seated round,
He nobly offers you ten pound,
Seven iron pans to spoil your fish in,
And twenty chamber-pots to piss in ;
He'll likewise add a dozen nags,
That soon will fill your empty bags,
By winning plates, they ha'n't been idle,
But ev'ry nag has won his bridle,

Nay some have won a saddle too,
But of that sort there's very few ;
Their pedigrees are all so good,
That few their equals are in blood ;
Out of the twelve you'll find eleven
Have got a ring-bone or a spavin,
Which is the surest sign indeed
They're of the very tip-top breed :
For sev'ral of 'em you may trace
From that fam'd horse that won the race
For great Darius, when the state
Decreed a kingdom for a plate ;
And, if you sell them, Pond for you
Shall swear the pedigree is true.
Besides all this, he'll throw you in,
Of hard-bumm'd wenches that can spin,
The very lucky number seven,
Odd numbers always beat the even ;

Their spinning will good money earn,
And you'll grow rich by selling yarn—
All these he'll give you out and out,
And add the wench you fratch'd about,
And swears you someway so bewitch her,
She never yet would let him switch her.
Besides all this, when we have taken
The town, with all their eggs and bacon,
Of belly-timber you'll have plenty,
And a round dozen, if not twenty,
Plump girls ; and, if on leap and trial
(Which they must take without denial)
You like 'em not, you need not choose 'em,
We'll snap 'em up, tho' you refuse 'em ;
Then try again, if that will ease you,
Till you can find a score to please you :
And, when this job of jobs is done,
Which must I think be special fun,
He'll take you home and call you son :



Of all his lands the farm that best is
He'll split 'twixt you and bold Orestes.
Lastly, three daughters he can boast,
All taught to bake, and boil, and roast,
Useful i' th' parlour, hall, or kitchen,
And notable fine girls at stitching—
Your shirts I mean, the wrists or neck,
Whether your linen's plain or check,
Which, my good friend, will be to you,
Of use, and profitable too,
Because you need not then go swapping
Your smuggled tea for shirts in Wapping,
Where ware that's sound cannot be gotten,
And all their stitching-tackle rotten.
Laodice and Iphigene
Are two of these fine girls I mean ;
In the sun's rays there not a beam is
So bright as red-hair'd Chrysothemis ;

All three are sprightly buxom jades,
And, what's a rarity, they're maids !
These in their Sunday's yard-wide stuff,
Or, if you like 'em best, in buff,
He'll let you see, to take your choice,
Take which you will you have his voice,
And for her portion you'll have more
Than * * * * * spent upon his whore :
Further, these mighty gifts to crown,
He'll make you bailiff of a town,
Where on a grand election year,
If you are careful, you may clear
Ten pounds, as sure as you were born,
Or twenty, for a false return :
But let this caution be your guide,
That you return the strongest side,
Else you may chance to find your pate
O' th' wrong side of an iron grate.

Likewise six villages do lie
Within this borough's liberty,
Of which, if I may gain belief,
You shall be constable in chief ;
Both Pherœ and Enope too
Must then pull off their caps to you,
And you, when you think 't worth the while,
May kiss the girls of Cardamyle ;
With Pedasus, whose stock of trees
Bear an estate in gooseberries.
These, join'd with Hira and Epea,
And special fields about Anthea,
All stretch along the salt-sea beach,
And very near to Pylos reach,
Where bulls, and cows, and oxen roar,
And men and women drink and whore,
And where they still continue whoring,
In spite of squinting Whitfield's roaring,

Altho' he deals to ev'ry station
Such thumping doses of damnation,
You'd swear he had a patent got
(As folks have done for pills and shot)
That none but Wesley, he, and Grimstone *
May deal in burning pitch and brimstone.
See what he offers to appease you !
The devil's in't, if he don't please you :
By prayers the hardest thing relaxes,
Nothing stands fix'd, but death and taxes.
You see, Achilles, what he proffers,
And troth I thought 'em handsome offers ;
But if you turn a flat deaf ear
To our petition, folks will swear
Your liver is grown white with whoring,
And now you're good for nought but roaring ;

* This Grimstone is a preaching shoemaker, and as fine a fellow as either of the other two brimstone-merchants, but less known, because he is confined to a small circle in the country.

From whence they fairly must conjecture
You dare not face that rascal Hector,
Who, I am hopeful, kicks us now
Only to be rekick'd by you.

Achilles answers: Surely this is
A rare long speech, my friend Ulysses !
And in return I'll give you for't
A speech that, be it long or short,
Shall speak my mind—for may I sink,
If I'll say aught but what I think !
Tho', if your friends expect to see
A single grain of help from me,
Tell 'em, as sure as there you sit,
They're most abominably bit.
Who one thing speaks and thinks another,
Tho' he were born of my own mother,
Should I not use him right, I ask all,
To d—n him for a scoundrel rascal ?

And therefore all the Greeks you'll find
Will hardly make me change my mind.
On their account when Troy I spank'd,
You see how finely I got thank'd,
Your scoundrel chief must get a-stride on
The only tit I had to ride on,
But on a bible book I've sworn
Never to do so any more ;
Ev'ry poor heartless rogue you'll stand by,
Rather than Monckton, Hawke, or Granby ;
For, when a brave man tumbles down,
You'll help a scoundrel up as soon.
Pray what the devil have I got
For all the rogues I've sent to rot ?
Just like that careful bird the tit,
Who never tastes a single bit,
But still keeps picking worms and scraping
Till ev'ry tit gives over gaping :

Such pains for thankless Greece I've taken,
And sav'd their measly pocky bacon ;
Kept all their loving spouses' plackets
From being trimm'd by Trojan jackets ;
Watch'd all the night in heavy buff,
And work'd all day at kick and cuff ;
Twelve farmers' huts and barns I plunder'd,
And should, if there had been a hundred :
That thick-skull'd whelp, your Gen'ral Blunder,
Came in of course for all the plunder,
Began to fill his paunch the first,
And guttled cheese-cakes till he burst :
Two dozen down his throat he switches,
Then ramm'd two dozen in his breeches.
Besides, he ev'ry kettle got,
Except one lousy porridge pot,
And one fat wench so rarely fed,
Her cheeks as well as hair were red.

My men that fought, and won the stake,
Like those that did th' Havannah take,
Receiv'd from this great chief of Greece
'Bout twelve or fifteen pence apiece ;
He likewise gave, with much ado,
A little to the captains too,
But not so much, by far, as will
Pay half their sneaking taylor's bill ;
The rest, like A * * * *, he sent
To his own hoard ; yet, not content,
His idle hours he could not pass
Without my carrot-pated lass.
Let him the buxom dame enjoy ;
But what's our quarrel then with Troy* ?
You all were sensible before
We're only fighting for a whore :
Don't wonder then, if for a harlot
You see me drub that thieving varlet.

* Pope.

Must Atreus' sons all wenches seize,
And trim 'em when and where they please,
Whilst we, who all their prizes won,
Must thank 'em for a butter'd bun ?
Mean sneaking scrubs may go on still,
But seal my day-lights if I will !
A heart that's made of standard bullion
Will love his wench altho' a scullion ;
Nay, tho' he takes a rag-mop squeezer,
He ought to do his best to please her.
I lik'd the girl, and, on my life,
Us'd her as tho' she'd been my wife ;
And, may I never drub the French,
If I'd have parted with the wench,
But Pallas came down stairs, you know,
And order'd me to let her go !
But, once deceiv'd, I'll tell you plain
I'll never trust a king again :

He's wrong'd me in the dearest part,
And from my soul L—d d—n his heart !
This is my mind ; to mend the job
Let him consult your busy nob ;
Where you can't lend a helping hand,
The devil would be at a stand.
But why the pox should he want me,
When I such mighty works can see,
With wondrous ramparts and a trench ?
Surely his engineers were French !
The Greeks could never raise such works,
They'd baffle a whole host of Turks ;
And yet he fears, as I conjecture,
They cannot keep out swagg'ring Hector :
When I along with Ajax steer'd,
Then no such bullying work appear'd ;
These fighting Trojans kept their gates up,
And very seldom popp'd their pates up

Above their wall, but then were fain
To pop 'em quickly down again.
The mighty Hector ventur'd once
Without the gates, but sav'd his scone
By running back into the town,
Or, by my soul, I'd crack'd his crown !
And had I still look'd sharp about,
He ne'er again had ventur'd out.
Now we no more shall think of fighting,
But soon as th' morning brings some light in ,
If we can catch a leading gale,
You'll spy my lighters under sail,
And the third day, by three o'clock,
Don't fear to reach to Puddle Dock,
Where there's no doubt but we shall find
The heaps of goods I left behind,
Some rusty kettles, pots, and pans,
And half a dozen copper cans.

To these I'll add what I got here,
Earn'd by my labour plaguy dear,
With all my square-stern'd thumping jades,
By people here call'd country maids.
I lik'd but one above them all,
And that your scoundrel Gen'ral stole :
Then tell him thus, and do not fear ye
To speak that all the Greeks may hear ye,
Let them all hear I call their chief
A lousy, pilf'ring, blackguard thief !
Had he but his deserts, I know
He would have swung five years ago,
And yet I've hopes to see him still
Ride in a cart—up Holborn-Hill ;
For, by my soul, the rascal's knav'ry
Designs you wooden shoes and slav'ry.
Keep you but honest, and I'm sure
The scoundrel dog will keep you poor ;

Altho' the rascal dare as well
Fetch my Lord B—th's black soul from hell,
As venture into any place
Where I may see his ugly face—
For, if he does, by G-d, I'll fell him !
And that, Ulysses, you may tell him ;
And add, I neither will colloque
Nor fight along with such a rogue.
Let the poor dog, since Jove deprives him
Of sense, run where the devil drives him :
A man may be bamboozled once,
As I was, by a thick-skull'd dunce ;
But if again I let it pass,
Tho' he's the rogue, yet I'm the ass ;
From sneaking rascals full of shifts,
Tell him Achilles scorns all gifts ;
Nay, tho' he promis'd me the whole
His rogu'ry has from others stole,

I'd rather stand to see him undone
Than have the running cash of London,
Whose money, judg'd by what they spend,
Can surely never have an end ;
Yet could the sneaking scoundrel ask all
That running cash for me, the rascal
Shall ne'er have my assistance, d—n me !
Nor any chance again to flam me.
Nor will I ever kiss his daughter,
Tho' H * * * herself had taught her
The very motions maids at court
All know will make the finest sport—
Nay, was she all in di'monds dress'd,
And had of things the very best,
Yet rather than with him agree,
The second best shall serve for me ;
Sooner than he my pate shall flam,
I'll marry with the devil's dam,

For I'm resolv'd to sow no seed
On such bad ground ; I hate the breed !
When I go home, if God spare life,
I'll get my dad to choose a wife ;
My back and parts, I'm pretty certain,
Will recommend me to a fortune ;
There's scarce a girl of Thessaly
But will be glad to jump at me.
With one of these I'll join my hand,
And stay at home and plow my land,
On Sundays a good dinner cook,
Then sit and read a godly book—
The book where Solomon the wise
A girl from ev'ry nation tries,
And found, when all his strength was past,
It was but vanity at last,
Here I can likewise mend my writing,
And leave to fools the trade of fighting.

Pray, of what use are all our cattle
If once we're knock'd o' th' head in battle ?
Not the best purl that e'er was drank,
Nor all the money in the Bank,
Not Child's great chest, with all that's in it,
Will save your life a single minute.
We may recover money lost,
Or nags when stole, on paying cost ;
But if your breath you once let slip,
The devil gets you on the hip,
And he was never known to let
A sinner once escape his net,
Except a fiddler* of the town,
That took a hurdigurdy down,
And made such cursed noise below,
Satan was glad to let him go ;

* Orpheus.

Which gave old Handel* room to crack,
The devil soon would send him back :
But as we've never seen him yet,
'Tis ten to one th' old fellow's bit.
Long since a gipsy told my fortune,
That I should be demolish'd certain :
If I stay here, my life 'twill curtail,
But then my fame will be immortal ;
Ballads in print shall spread my fame,
And ballad-singers roar my name :
If I go home I change my fate,
And spin out life a longer date,
Like country 'squires lie warm and snug,
And snore a hundred years incog.
This course, my friends, will I pursue,
And so, if you are wise, will you.

* Handel, to make as much noise as possible, introduced cannon into a concert.


Seek your own homes without delay,
Nor longer here for dry blows stay,
Where nothing can be got but raps
Upon your pates, or slaps o' th' chaps ;
For Jove, I'll speak it to his face,
Defends this whoring Trojan race,
Heartens them on our boats to plunder,
But scares our shabby rogues with thunder.
And now I've told you all my mind,
Pray let your loggerheads be join'd
In consultation how to 'scape
Your present most unlucky scrape.
This string has snapp'd, but you, I know,
Have always two strings to your bow,
And yet you'll find, I don't dispute,
Some auger-hole to wriggle out :
This is the answer you may carry,
So march ! but let old Phœnix tarry ;

I think that he should have a tomb
To lay his grizzle beard at home,
Altho' the old curmudgeon may,
Just as he pleases, go or stay.

This speech of speeches ending here,
Like three stuck pigs it made 'em stare;
When Phœnix rose, but first he cried,
Then wip'd his nose, before he tried
A few persuasive words to speak;
But his old pipe was grown so weak,
He did not seem to talk, but squeak :

O, great Achilles ! wilt thou fly,
And leave the Greeks like rats to die ?
If you in anger trudge away,
How shall your old schoolmaster stay ?
When thy good daddy Peleus sent
Thee first to join the regiment,

And bid thee stay upon condition
I bought the very first commission
(For, to our scandal be it told,
Commissions are both bought and sold),
He sent me with thee, that I might
Teach thee to bully, whore, and fight—
Three card'nal virtues, which a brave
And jolly captain ought to have;
Which, added to a little drinking,
Will always keep his nob from thinking;
For soldiers, if they thought aright,
Would sooner far be d—d than fight
For rogues, who, when they've lost a leg,
Will hardly give them leave to beg.
But yet I always did pursue
Your father's plan in teaching you,
And flux me if I leave you now !



Not if the gods would lend their mill
To grind me young, or Doctor Hill
Would promise to keep off old age
With the grand tincture of red sage.
Then would you hear me thrice a week
Make chambermaids by dozens squeak.
My dad so old, he scarce could move,
Yet with a pox must fall in love ;
My mam. begg'd hard that I'd outwit him :
I did, and got the girl—so bit him.
But the old Heathen swore and curs'd
As if his very gall would burst ;
So far his passion crack'd his brain,
He pray'd I ne'er might stand again ;
And sure I am, as you are there,
The devil help'd his wicked prayer.
I was damn'd vex'd, a man may swear,
To find myself so very queer,

That tho' I did on jellies sup,
I ne'er could make affairs look up,
And thought, so prone are we to evil,
To send th' old rascal to the devil ;
But some kind goblin stay'd that thought,
So all my anger came to nought.
Then I would fly, aye that I would,
Let all my friends do what they could :
Nine suns they watch'd me night and day ;
On the tenth eve I ran away
With a blind tinker, whose good metal
Had mended many a crazy kettle,
But grown less able now to trudge it,
I undertook to lug the budget,
And thus with eighteen-pence a-piece,
We took our travels through all Greece.
Many a merry day we pass'd,
And weather'd many a bitter blast,

And many a merry night, when tipsy,
We pigg'd in straw with each a gipsy :
At last, without a single sous,
We reach'd your daddy's old farm-house,
Who did to stay with him persuade me,
And dry nurse to his son he made me ;
Gave me a sal'ry for my keeping,
And patch'd the calf-crib up to sleep in.
Finding I had a taste to rule,
He made me master of a school,
To teach, as I could do it well,
The farmers' chub-fac'd boys to spell.
And 'faith your dad I amply paid
By making you so fine a blade—
Tho' you cut such a puff, d'ye see,
You'd been a noodle but for me.
That I my time could ne'er employ
On a more hopeful loving boy

Is true, and nought but truth I'll say ;
It made me chuckle ev'ry day
To hear the little varlet mutter,
Unless I cut his bread and butter ;
Often upon my knee he'd doze,
And puke his milk upon my clothes,
Which I rubb'd off as soon as done,
As if the lad had been my son :
I thought, or may the dry pox rot me !
The devil had at last forgot me,
And, spite of my old father's curse,
I was thy dad, and not thy nurse :
You'll hardly think the joy I had
In rearing such a hopeful lad.
Come, don't be cross, but dry our tears,
A valiant heart no malice bears ;
When man repents and turns from evils,
He moves all hearts except the devil's ;

Therefore, if you don't take our part,
You've got the devil of a heart.
The wicked Jews themselves once sent
Such prayers as made their god repent—
Prayers made him do it, tho' he knew
They were a cursed wicked crew,
And would, before the week was spent,
Make him on t'other side repent :
Our prayers are slow because they're lame,
For which the parsons are to blame,
Who might have taught us to repeat
Prayers with much better legs and feet,
Howe'er they make a shift to follow
Injustice with a whoop and hollow.
Altho' this fiery headlong madam,
Injustice, 'mongst the sons of Adam
Makes cursed work, yet prayers can heal
The mischiefs that she makes them feel :

And he that won't their voices hear,
Jove often makes him pay full dear ;
For then at private man or king
He let's Injustice take her swing,
And, that no mortal may resist her,
Lends her a lawyer to assist her.
Then cease, my boy, to curse and swear,
And hear our lamentable prayer :
Had not the gen'ral made submission,
May I be sous'd to all perdition,
If I'd have spoke a single sentence,
In hopes to bring thee to repentance !
For, had not Fortune, ever fickle,
Now left him in a stinking pickle,
Not twenty guineas, I assure you,
Should make me plead against your fury ;
But since he offers you so fairly,
And decks his presents out so rarely,

And since these curious things, d'ye see,
Are sent by no less man than me,
I would not have you shun the offer,
You'll ne'er refuse a better proffer ;
And, lest you fail to nick the joint,
I'll just relate a case in point :

Upon a steep and rocky mountain
Stands Calydon, beside a fountain ;
Th' Ætolians strove to take the rock,
And warded many a bitter knock
From the Curetians ; thus they hourly
Kept basting one another purely :
'Twas Cynthia's doing all : but whether
She set 'em by the ears together
For cheating her of some good suppers,
Or bumping one another's cruppers, ,
Like Sodom's sons, I can't, I vow,
Explain that matter clearly now ;

But something set her so agig,
She sent a monstrous great he-pig,
That swallow'd ev'ry thing he found
Either above or under ground,
Tore their potatoes up by th' roots,
And all their apple-trees to boots,
And made no bones of sheep or geese,
But swallow'd feathers, horns, and fleece—
This pig, no matter where 'twas bred,
Dick Meleager knock'd o' th' head ;
Then all the bumpkins round came in,
And box'd like devils for the skin,
Brought out their pokers, spits, and ladles,
To gain the skin to make 'em saddles.
The bold Curetes, who had fully
Resolv'd to baste this kill-pig bully,
Got rarely 'nointed ; then he swore
A bloody oath he'd fight no more,

But go and lead a quiet life
With dame Alcyone his wife.
Idas, her father, tho' a civil
And well-bred man, would box the devil;
Marpasa was her mother's name,
A handsome jolly country dame.
Now that trim singing rogue Apollo,
This Idas' handsome wife did follow,
And one dark foggy night, when all
The family were out of call,
Jumbled her up against a wall.
Finding no help was nigh her, she
For that time took it patiently :
But, because Idas did not choose
To be a quiet Cheapside spouse,
And let him round his freehold range
To do his bus'ness whilst at 'Change—

}

I mean the bus'ness of his wife—
He plagu'd poor Idas all his life.
Very fine principles, you'll say,
Their godships had that time o' day ;
For, bad as we are all, 'tis true,
They're thought vile rogues that do so now.
But Alethea, tho' his mother,
Because he chanc'd to kill her brother,
With cursing such a noise did keep,
He could not get a wink of sleep ;
Legions of fiends her curses drew,
She curs'd till all the ground look'd blue,
And set up such a shrill-ton'd yell,
They plainly heard her voice in hell ;
Her curses gave him such a diz'ness,
It made him quite neglect his bus'ness,
And spend his mornings, noons, and nights,
At Mother Welch's, or at White's.

Etolia, woefully oppress'd,
And to the last degree distress'd
By foes all round, entreats his aid,
And sent a swingeing long parade
Of aldermanic wigs and gowns,
Collected from the neighb'ring towns ;
And, for a wonder, he that led
This sweeping train had got a head :
They begg'd he'd come, with piteous tones,
And break their adversaries' bones,
And would he prove a good peace-maker,
They'd freely give him fifty acre
Of as brave land as ever bore
A pile of grass, or crow flew o'er :
But in these times they durst not mention
So vile an epithet as pension.
His father came and made a bow,
And all his sisters curtsy'd too :

The cursing dame before him stood ;
But, as for her, he damn'd her blood,
As any man of spirit would :
His wife came last, and rubb'd her eye,
Then tun'd her pipe, and join'd the cry ;
Told him, if he won't come away,
The devil soon must be to pay—
So fast, says she, the ruin spreads,
There soon must be a smash of heads ;
For when the men's hard heads are smack'd,
The maiden-heads will soon be crack'd,
And all the virgins in the town
Expect they shall be ravish'd soon :
If therefore you'll this time preserve 'em,
At any time they'll let you serve 'em,
And promise that they will not squeak,
Tho' you should ravish ten a-week :
But they would have you take great care,
You do not touch a single hair

Of Polly W-de-k, lest some quack,
With brazen face and conscience black,
Should swear that he can tell by th' mark,
Whether you kiss'd her in the dark,
Or by broad day-light, and if she
Kick'd hard, or took it patiently.

At this he grasp'd his stick, and soon
Broke all their bones, and sav'd the town.
But 'cause his coming was so tardy,
These same Etolians grew fool-hardy ;
And tho' he sav'd both priest and church,
They left their saviour in the lurch,
Just as the bishops left their maker,
And shunn'd the passage through Long Acre.
'Tis dang'rous, cries each wary chap,
To venture through the Devil's Gap *,

* Through the Devil's Gap was the way to the Duke
of Newcastle's.

The houses on both sides are all
So old, that like the Duke they'll fall,
And crush, perhaps, each reverend sot
That runs where nothing's to be got ;
And Satan, always on the watch
The sons of any church to catch,
Dines rarely when his cook can dish up
A rev'rend brawny well-fed bishop.

But to return : From this great strait
Pray help us ere it be too late ;
Your arm will stand us in no stead
After we all are knock'd o' th' head ;
Assist us therefore ere we faint,
And you shall be a popish saint.
I ask'd the Pope if he knew where
To find a day from saintship clear
He answer'd No, but he would make
Some shift or other for your sake ;

Not doubting but amongst the crew
To find a bigger rogue than you—
If so, says he, 'twill be no sin
To kick him out, and put you in.

Achilles then returns this answer :
My ever-honoured nurse and grandsire,
You know I'm us'd to make a shift,
And therefore want no bribe or gift :
If Jove and I are cater-cozens,
The Greeks may hang themselves by dozens !
If he thinks fit, I here will lag
As long as I a toe can wag,
Or go wherever he shall lug me,
But your old pate shall ne'er humbug me ;
Therefore no more attempt to bubble
Your loving friend, and give him trouble,
For such a rogue as that Atrides,
A scoundrel dog, whose greatest pride is

To cheat and pilfer all he can,
And plunder every honest man !
I little thought, old friend, not I,
You could for such a rascal cry :
Whether small beer or ale we drink,
My friend like me should always think ;
In this 'tis honest to colloque
To hate a dirty sneaking rogue ;
The very fellow that would do
Mischief to me, would hamstring you,
Because, when Peleus dies, he knows
Half of my farm and cattle goes
To you by promise.—So, Ulysses,
Go tell your spitfire gen'ral this is
My firm resolve, at break of day
Either to stay or go away.—

Then orders, as these words he said,
A pan of coals for Phœnix' bed.

Now, you must know, this fine oration
Put Ajax in a bitter passion ;
Blast my old boots, says he, but this is
A mighty pretty job, Ulysses !
We're sent by our wise-looking owls,
Only to make us April fools :
See what we've got for all our pain !
Rot me if e'er I'll cringe again !
No speech that we can make will stir him,
Were we to stay till doomsday for him :
Therefore 'tis proper we should go,
Whether they like his words or no,
And tell our friends the fine pallabber
That we just now have heard him jabber—
I'm sure that they, this foggy morn,
Are gaping hard for our return ;
You see he is on mischief bent—
Such harden'd sinners ne'er repent :

His cronies and old secret-keepers .
He minds no more than chimney-sweepers ;
Yet, smite my eyes ! if any other
Should in a squabble lose a brother,
All the amends that's in folks' power
Is made, and people ask no more !
If an own father lose his son,
As very oft, God knows, is done,
Should the damn'd rogue who did the deed
Chance to be rich enough to bleed
A good round sum, and comes to shake it,
The people make the father take it.
The hardest hearts but thine relent,
And money makes a judge repent ;
But Jove has given thee a heart
Made of a plank of Pharaoh's cart :
One wench was stole, but what of that ?
He offers seven full as fat,

And fatter too, for all these wenches
Have broader buttocks by some inches,
With flesh so firm, without a hum,
I'd undertake upon the bum
Of any of those girls (d'ye see?)
To beat a march, or crack a flea.
Come then, and be of better temper,
And don't be cross and sulky semper,
Else we shall say you give a bit
Of roast, and baste us with the spit;
Which sure must vex us to the heart,
Because we always take your part—
So much, that when poor scoundrels rail
At your cross phiz, we seldom fail
Either to knock the rascals down,
Or with a broomstick crack their crown—
A rare short method I found out
To finish any long dispute.

Achilles thus : My bully rock,
Of all the Greeks the boldest cock,
In a bad cause you beat by far
Pitt's speeches for a German war :
But it won't do, a man that's wise
Will never be humbugg'd by lies,
Such lies as from his tongue were sent
To hum the British P——.
Besides, there's nought can vex me worse
Than to refuse my good old nurse :
But when that fellow's name I hear,
Spite of my guts my tongue will swear,
So much the rascal does provoke me,
My passion rises fit to choak me,
And would, but that we Grecians are
Such sons of freedom that we dare,
Like English mob, do any thing,
BlaspHEME our God, or d—n our king.

The usage I have had much worse is
Than Oxford scholars use hack-horses :
Cheated, because he chose to rob me,
And now sends you, my friends, to bob me.
But flux my hide if you shall do it !
I knew the dog would live to rue it !
Then tell the whelp, and tell him plain,
I'll never lift my hand again
Till Hector and his roaring crew
Have thump'd your sides all black and blue ;
When all your boats in flames are crackling,
I'll stir to save my own old tackling ;
And whilst with joy the Trojan chuckles,
Just then I'll make him feel my knuckles.

At this he put the mug about,
And begg'd they'd see the liquor out.
To keep their souls from growing dull
Each took a pretty hearty pull ;

Then swash'd the leavings of that round
For a libation on the ground—

A method I have heard folks say
Our chairmen use to this good day.
This done, they made a bow, and went
Full speed to find the gen'ral's tent.

In the mean time a strapping jade,
Achilles call'd his chamber-maid,
Spread on the ground for this old sinner
Some sheep-skins borrow'd from a skinner,
Of blankets then she brought a pair
Full of great holes, and quite thread-bare,
But yet they were, tho' bitter bad,
The very best Achilles had ;
Howe'er, to keep th' old Grecian snug,
From her own bed she spar'd a rug,
With bugs, and grease, and sweat so full,
It kept th' old soul as warm as wool ;

For he, in less than half an hour
Began to crack, and snort, and snore
So loud, I'll take my oath the sound
Was heard at least a furlong round.

Achilles, maugre all his roaring,
Kept the best room himself to snore in,
Where stripping off his clothes with speed he
Whipp'd into bed to Diomedé,
A Yorkshire girl, whose awkward motion
So pleas'd the whelp, that I've a notion
He better lik'd to sleep with her
Than the fat jade they squabbled for.
Patroclus' bed was warm'd the last,
And he his nights in pleasure pass'd
By a fair maiden's side call'd Iphis,
Where no such jars as with a wife is :
This girl was well content to share it,
And took it just as he could spare it ;

For early in the morn she never
Cry'd, Lord ! my dear, you'll sleep for ever !
Now Ajax and Ulysses put
The best leg forward to the hut
Where the old soakers still kept drinking
To drown all cares—care comes by thinking :
Each man with glass in hand they found,
Standing to drink one bumper round ;
One bumper more to crown the rest,
In English call'd the very best ;
But, tho' the meaning is the same,
In Greek it bears another name ;
I think my master, Doctor Busby,
Us'd to pronounce it polioflusby.
Great Agamemnon 'spy'd 'em coming,
And bid 'em speak, and not stand humming.
On this sly Ithacus replies,
Smite all my limbs, and blast my eyes,

If such a fellow e'er was seen
As yon queer fellow where we've been !
The more we pray, the more he swears,
And grins to see us hang our ears.
Because you said we should not want
His aid, he vow'd he would not grant
To such a noisy brangling whelp
As you, a single grain of help ;
And swore, unless it was your brother,
On earth there was not such another
D—d blackguard scoundrel left alive—
The rest were hang'd in forty-five :
But what need he for help to call,
Whose clapper can outscold them all ?
For when his tongue has once begun,
He'll make a Thames-street fish-wife run.

King Solomon himself doth say

A scolding woman any day

Can drive an enemy away :

Now he that can in any weather

Outscol'd a dozen brims together,

Can surely make that Trojan whelp,

That Hector, run without my help ;

Therefore i' th' morn when up you get,

Depend you'll see my mainsail set,

And if you've any prudence, you

Will hoist your lighter's mainsail too ;

For Jove, I speak it to his face,

Defends this whoring Trojan race ;

He'll save these rascals from a scouring,

Because they, like himself, love whoring.

These were his words, what more appear'd

Both Ajax and the beadles heard ;

But Phoenix in his tent he keeps,
Where for this night th' old fellow sleeps,
Tho' in the morn, he told us so,
He'll give him leave to stay or go :
Then added, tho' you should escape
Without his help from this d—d scrape,
And save your hide from being bang'd,
He hopes to live to see you hang'd.

Ulysses ceas'd : the congregation
Seem'd in a dreadful consternation ;
Their eyes shew'd nothing but the whites,
Like Wesley and his Culamites ;
A look of horror spread all o'er 'em,
As if they saw hell-fire before 'em,
And Satan with a sable pack
Of long-tail'd devils at their back,
Ready with pitchforks to begin
To push them all by dozens in ;—

When up the bold Tydides sprung,
And in a twinkling found his tongue
(No stamm'ring orator would do,
A nimble tongue was wanting now) :
So wild the Greeks began to stare,
He saw there was no time to spare ;
So sprang up nimbly from his seat,
And found at once his tongue and feet ;
 Why should we sneak, and beg, and pray,
As if we had no other way ?
This man with pride will crack his guts,
To him our prayers are eggs and nuts ;
And to proud puppies, I am clear,
The more you pray, the more they swear.
Have you not done, Sir, all you can do,
And pray what more can Ferdinando ?
Let him, since so much wrath attends him,
Sit sulky till the devil mends him ;

Let him, since it belikes him well,
Stay where he is, or go to hell !
We have it in our power to shew
We'll do as much as men can do :
Therefore to put us in good plight
For boxing, let us drink all night,
Boose it about to drown all sorrow,
Boxing will make us cool to-morrow.
Soon as the sun the welkin graces,
He'll find a sun in all our faces,
Painted so red with humming ale,
We'll make his fiery face look pale ;
The god will stand amaz'd to think
Such virtue lies in mortal drink ;
Nor shall he catch us without coats,
But looking sharp before the boats :
And you, Atrides, in the front
For once must stand and bear the brunt ;

For once, I say, we hope you'll do't,
It is not oft we put you to't.

 This speech produc'd a mighty shout,
Whilst Diom. push'd the mug about :
They drank ; then, rolling on the floor,
Began like aldermen to snore.

END OF BOOK IX.

THE TENTH BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.

VOL. II.

P

ARGUMENT.

FINDING that no Achilles comes
Poor Agamemnon bites his thumbs ;
And though his heavy eyes kept winking,
He could not steal a nod for thinking
How he from this unlucky scrape
Might with his ragged rogues escape ;
For as, says he, our woeful pickle
Requires that ev'ry man should stickle,
Why should our Grecian lazy dogs
Keep snoring like distillers' hogs,
Whilst I for gen'ral good am watching,
And flaying all my rump with scratching ?
So up he gets, sans more ado,
And sends the cuckold Menelau
To bring their comrades all together,
That they might club their noddles whether,
They ought in this great strait to stay,
Or take good start and run away.
A council call'd, they send from thence
Two spies to *steal* intelligence ;
And *steal* they did—for by their prize
You'd swear he sent two Yorkshire spies ;
For, after stealing sev'ral purses,
They stole a special pair of horses.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK X.


THE Greeks, tho' sorely drubb'd all day,
Asleep before their scullers lay—
All but poor Agamemnon, who
Could only nod a spell or so.
Distracted with a thousand fears
How to get off and save his ears,
His fears did such a rumbling keep
Within his guts, he could not sleep.
As when a barrel of small beer,
No matter whether foul or clear,

Begins to leak, drop follows drop.
As fast as wanton schoolboys hop :
So quick this valiant Greek kept sighing,
At last he fairly fell a-crying ;
Then with a face of rueful length
Peep'd up to 'spy the Trojans' strength ;
When, to his wondrous great amaze,
He saw a thousand bonfires blaze,
And heard so plain the Trojans f—t,
It vex'd him to the guts and heart
To think the rogues were got so near,
That he their very —s could hear ;
Which sound he hated full as much
As Britons do the belching Dutch.
Whilst he was grunting in dispute
To hang himself or fight it out,
He almost lugg'd, at one smart pull,
A pound of carrots from his skull ;

But finding that did little good,
He fell to praying as he stood.
Just as his second prayer begun,
Thinks he, by G-d, we're all undone,
If Nestor can't the Trojans nick
By some old square-toe'd slipp'ry trick !
On which he wrapp'd his calf's-hide in
A jacket made of lion's skin,
And then put on a pair of shoes,
Such as St. Giles's statesmen use,
With scarce a sole to keep out weather,
And forty holes i' th' upper leather.

His brother likewise found his tripe
Most sorely twisted with the gripes,
Because the very Greeks that came
To fetch away his light-heel'd dame
Were drawn into so bad a lay
They could not fetch themselves away—

To think they'd got in such a trap,
Disturb'd the honest Spartan's nap :
So out of bed in haste he got,
And quickly found the chamber-pot,
And whilst he made a little water,
Took time to think about the matter ;
For his schoolmaster, Peter Ashley,
Had taught him to do nothing rashly.
When this important job was done,
He put his greasy breeches on ;
Next button'd underneath his chin
A very fierce-look'd leopard-skin ;
Then took a broomstick in his hand,
And trudg'd away along the strand
To call his elder brother up ;
When, lo ! he found the squabbling tup
Rear'd up against his lighter's side
Twisting a string, with which he tied
A rusty hanger to his side.



To him the Spartan thus begun :
What makes you put your dudgeon on ?
D' you think of sending out some spy
This dark and dismal night, to try
Whether the Trojans watch are keeping,
Or pay great idle whelps for sleeping ?
But who the pox d'ye think will move
This dismal night ? Not I, by Jove !
The hardest rogue in Fielding's gang
At such a task an a—e would hang.

The king replies : O Menelaus,
I fear these Trojan rogues will pay us
Both scot and lot for all our tricks,
And baste us with their crabtree sticks.
When cases, like our case, are bad,
The best of counsel must be had :
Therefore, besides both——and M—n,
Above all things secure us N——n :

Unless he's for us, d—n my blood
If Beelzebub can do us good !
For if on t'other side you place him,
You know the devil cannot face him :
And Jove, you see, denies us help,
But lends it to that Trojan whelp.
Would ever man believe that one
Could smoke us all as he has done ?
But yesterday that blust'ring scrub,
What heaps of serjeants did he drub !
The Sun, before his link went out,
Saw how he kick'd us all about ;
And yet, like yours and mine, the bitch
His dam was never thought a witch ;
Nor is his dad, that queer old cur,
A wizard, or a conjurer :
Yet unborn Greeks, before they're gotten,
Shall wish the ras cal dead and rotten,

Because his laming all our nation
Will make a limping generation.
Don't stand a moment to consider,
But send me bully Ajax hither ;
Next hasten to Idomeneus,
And hurry him away to see us :
To Nestor I will go before ye ;
He's telling some long trimtram story,
Such as at any time he'll make
To keep the drunken watchmen 'wake ;
For that's his task to-night, and there
I'm sure th' old cock will shew his care ;
But more especially that entry
Where Merion and his son stand sentry.

Thus spoke the king ; and Menelau
Replies : Pray, brother, when I go,
And all your orders safely carry,
Must I return, or must I tarry ?

Tarry, be sure, replies the brother,
We else shall miss of one another ;
The night is rather thick than clear,
And candles are excessive dear ;
The very last half-pound we bought
You fetch'd yourself, and paid a groat.
Besides, our lanthorns were, you know,
All broke to shatters long ago :
But we must shift without 'em. Now,
What I would recommend to you,
Is, all our ragged rogues to cheer,
Tell 'em what whelps their fathers were :
For us, since things so bad are got,
We e'en must work, or go to pot ;
Jove has decreed that man must labour,
And kings by chance must help their neighbour:
In former days 'twas often done,
But now as often let alone :

Necessity has driv'n me to't,
Or I'd as soon be hang'd as do't.

Away then Agamemnon goes :
But first he clapp'd within his jaws
A plug of Hobson's best tobacco,
Then found old Nestor in a cracko ;
Stretch'd in his hammock snug he found him,
With clubs, oak-sticks, and broomstaves round
Like an old coachman, who, unable [him :
To drive, yet loves the smell o' th' stable,
Th' old firelock on his guard did keep,
A sprite, call'd Fear, prevented sleep ;
He lean'd his head upon his hand,
And call'd aloud, Plague on you, stand !
Say, who the pox are you that keep
Strolling about whilst folks should sleep ?
Perhaps you're some poor hungry thief,
Whose nose has smelt my leg of beef :

If so, you've nos'd it mighty soon,
'Twas only bak'd this afternoon.
Or do you hunt some other prey,
Or seek some sentry run away ?
Be who you will, it would undo ye
If I should make the moon shine thro' ye.

Then Agamemnon thus replies :
I'll tell thee all without disguise ;
And thou, in whom our nation glories
For telling Canterbury stories,
Shalt hear a tale as lamentable
As any thou thyself art able
To find in all thy endless budget :
With patience listen then, and judge it :
For curs'd ill fortune now astride is
Across the back of poor Atrides ;
And Jove resolves, tho' e'er so stout,
With rubs and cuffs to wear him out ;

On my tir'd knees my body rocks,
My heart against my liver knöcks ;
On fifty things I poring keep,
But cannot get a wink of sleep,
And find myself so plaguy queer,
I'm neither easy here nor there,
But dying with the mullygrubs
Because the Greeks have met such rubs.
Now if thy cunning nob should teem
With any pretty likely scheme
How to repair this last day's scrubbing,
And save us such another drubbing,
Give us your good advice with speed—
A friend in need's a friend indeed—
And then, old buff, we'll go together
To hearten those who're watching whether
These damn'd infernal Trojan tartars
May not by night beat up our quarters.

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Th' old cock replies, I've often said it,
You must give Jove a little credit ;
He's sometimes cross, but altogether
He best can rule both wind and weather :
This Hector, tho' he hector now,
God help his soul ! what will he do
When bold Achilles comes to fight him ?
I'll answer for't, he'll soon b-sh-te him.
Be that as't may, just here I stand
Your humble servant at command ;
But let us summon for this bout
Some other bucks to help us out ;
That canting lying rogue Ulysses,
At such a woeful pinch as this is,
Will help us greatly with his cunning ;
Then bold Oileus, fam'd for running ;
There's Meges too, a strong-back'd whelp,
With Diomede, will lend us help.

But let some other spark, d'ye see,
With nimbler heels than you or me,
Run to the other end o' th' fleet,
And call the constable of Crete,
With bully Ajax, or some other :
I'll rouse that drowsy whelp your brother,
And hear what lame excuse he'll make
For snoring when he should awake.
Now, as these broils were of his brewing,
He ought to do what you are doing,
Should keep himself upon the peep,
And share in work as well as sleep ;
For, at this dreadful pinch of pinches,
We all are lost if one man flinches.

To whom the king : Without dispute
You're often right, but now you're out ;
My brother is, to speak the truth,
A very modest harmless youth,

And ne'er presumes to take the lead,
Because he knows that I'm the head :
But when his leader shews the way,
He's always ready to obey.

You blame him oft, which you are right in,
For loving whoring more than fighting,
Altho' 'tis what we all delight in. }

But yesterday's confounded scramble
So made his great and small guts wamble,
He could not lie in bed, not he,
So up he got, and call'd on me ;
Then posted forward with intention
To rouse the very whelps you mention ;
And whilst we idly here are prating,
I'll hold a tester they are waiting
At th' alehouse underneath the wall,
Where I a council bade them call, }
And 'speak some hot-pots for us all.

There they may sit secure and snug ;
The watchmen for a single mug
Will look so sharp, you need not fear 'em,
They'll let no Trojan rogues come near 'em.

Hot-pots ! says Nestor. By Apollo,
If that's the case, we'll quickly follow :
I'll in a twinkling put my coat on :
These jobs, the moment they are thought on
Should be perform'd as soon as told,
Or else the hot-pots may grow cold.

With that his gummy eyes he washes,
And cas'd his legs in spatterdashes,
Then on his arms began to pull
An old red waistcoat lin'd with wool ;
And ere he left the tent he took
A sapling of the toughest oak.
Then thro' the drowsy crowd he pass'd,
And call'd Ulysses out in haste ;

Ulysses starting heard his voice,
And ran to see who made such noise.

Old dad, says Ithacus, I'm sorry
To find your beard in such a hurry ;
You must be in a woeful fright
To wander out so late at night ;
Those scoundrel rogues of reformation,
The pest of ours and ev'ry nation,
Durst hardly, tho' so vile a crew,
Disturb so grave a man as you.

When Nestor answers : Our bad station
Requires indeed a reformation :
But tho' thy cunning pate, Ulysses,
To trace out knowledge seldom misses,
In whatsoever shape she dwells,
As folks guess eggs by seeing shells ;
Yet now you're plaguy wide o' th' mark :
For, let me tell you, ev'ry spark

Of rogu'ry in your crafty nob
We want to mend this last day's job ;
All the calves' brains that Jove e'er gave us
Must be employed this night to save us.
We must, 'fore George ! before 'tis day,
Resolve to fight, or run away :
And if it should be found, upon
A consultation, we should run,
As I am fearful we must mog off,
The sooner then, my friends, we jog off
The better ; for when folks depart
Incog. they always choose good start.

The moment that Ulysses heard
This speech from honest grizzle-beard,
He turn'd upon his heel, and went
To fetch his potlid from his tent,
Made of a curious old coach pannel,
Painted without, and lin'd with flannel ;

Then join'd the noble captains twain,
And trotted with them o'er the plain.
Quickly bold Diomedé they found
Close by his tent, upon the ground,
With all his bloods and bucks around :
But that no man would trust him much,
The figure of his crew was such,
You'd think the chief had got a pack
Of bailiff's followers at his back.
In spite of fear they slept secure,
A mile at least you'd hear 'em snore ;
Around the circle stood a row
Of broomstaves, stuck upright for show.
The honest Grecian, void of pride,
Lay snug upon an old cow-hide,
And for a pillow roll'd a piece
Of linsey-woolsey brought from Greece ;

Old goody Nestor with his foot
Gave him a d—d hard kick o' th' gut
To wake him, but could hardly do't ;
Then halloos to the snoring tup :
For God's sake fall a-getting up !
How can you lie, you sleepy dog,
Snoring like Farmer Blake's fat hog ?
Whilst all your comrades, tho' they're drunk so,
Can't get a wink of sleep they funk so
Because Troy's rogues on yonder hill
Can lug your ears just when they will.

Tydides, in a mighty pother,
Pull'd one eye open, then the other ;
Then to old grey-beard 'gan to swear,
D—n your old soul ! what brought you here ?
If 'tis resolv'd no man shall sleep,
But ev'ry buck on guard must keep,

Send younger puppies to awake 'em,
Your gouty legs can't undertake 'em ;
They sleep so sound that you must kick 'em,
Or take a corking pin to prick 'em.

Nestor replies ; My friend, d'ye see,
I thank you for your care of me :
I might, I know, have got my son
To do what I've at present done,
Or, if no better could be had,
They offer'd me the butcher's lad ;
But matters now so bad are grown,
That we no noddles but our own
Can trust ; affairs are out of joint,
We stand upon a needle's point,
And therefore each in this disaster
Must shew himself a balance-master,
Like Prussia's king ; for in this jumble
If we don't stand we're sure to tumble.

Yet, as you think I'm grown too old
To trudge about in nights so cold,
So soon as you have don'd your brogues
Jog off, and rouse the other rogues :
Thy nimbler heels may useful be ;
Serving the state, is serving me.
By different roads men serve the state,
Some ply their heels, and some their pate :
When jobs are doing for the court,
And statesmen fear that ayes run short,
Some loon's employ'd t' amuse the house
With a fine speech not worth a louse,
Asks if the king bestow'd that post on
A proper man, to make the most on
The pious canting knaves at Boston ;
Or if the India Company
This year must pay another fee ;
Whilst S—l—n's nimble heels begin
To fetch the ayes by dozens in,

Searches all holes, you need not fear him,
And ev'ry bawdy-house that's near him,
Takes no excuse, but makes them limp in,
And leave all bus'ness, tho' they're pimping.

He said ; when lo ! the valiant knight
Jump'd from his cow-skin bolt upright ;
Then with a wooden skewer did pin
Across his back a shaggy skin,
Which he had plunder'd in great wrath
From an old lion starv'd to death ;
Then grasp'd a cudgel in his hand,
And scour'd full speed along the strand.
Away to Meges' tent he steers,
And laid fast hold on both his ears,
Gave his cod's head a hearty shake,
Then kick'd the lesser Ajax 'wake,
Help'd 'em to fumble on their shoes,
Then hied to the place of rendezvous,



Book X. — page 232.

*Away to Meges' tent he steers,
And laid fast hold on both his ears,
Gave his cod's-head a hearty shake,
Then kick'd the lesser Ajax wake.*



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A penny pot-house, known by all,
And by 'em call'd the Hole i' th' Wall.

And now the chiefs approach'd the gate
Where twenty ragged sentries sat,
A sharp look-out the knaves did keep,
Fear would not let them fall asleep.
Thus have I seen, if right I judge it,
A cur-dog guard a tinker's budget ;
The thief to steal the budget tries,
Yet cannot gain the weighty prize :
Turn as he may, do what he will,
The mongrel guards the budget still :
Just so these loons at ev'ry sound
Would whip their eyes and ears around ;
Tho' the least noise did so affright 'em,
It made the better half besh—e 'em.
Old Nestor joy'd to find 'em wake,
And each man by the hand did shake ;

Tho', had his nose been worth the keeping,
He soon had smelt what barr'd their sleeping:
However, at his usual rate

The good old soul began to prate :

My boys, says he, if thus you watch,
These Trojan rogues will meet their match :
But if you slack your hands a jot,
I'll venture to be hang'd or shot
If ev'ry soul don't go to pot !

Just as he spoke, this queer old bitch
Gave a great jump across the ditch ;
His comrades follow'd on a heap,
Some straddled o'er, but most did leap—
All but great Ajax, slow and stout,
He tumbled in, then rumbled out :
Last Merion came in mighty fuss,
Join'd with that whelp Antilochus.
A place they found, which all that day
Had shar'd but little cudgel play,

The very spot, as we conjecture,
Where Mistress Night stopp'd bully Hector ;
And had he not been so o'ertaken,
Nought could have sav'd the Grecians' bacon.
Nor would he, since he'd got his hand in,
Have left a single Grecian standing—
No other spot on all the plains
Was free from blood, and mud, and brains.
Here they sat down ; when Nestor's tongue
Its usual kind of larum rung.

Is there, says he, an heart of oak
'Mongst us, is there a bully rock
Dares steal into the Trojan camp,
Without the aid of link or lamp,
To seize some straggler in the dark,
Or listen, and their council mark,
Whether they think we've got enough,
Or still design to work our buff ?

This could he learn, and tell our peers,
And safe return with both his ears,
What an amazing share of glory
Would fall to him in future story,
When good old wives shall tell the tale
O'er roasted eggs and butter'd ale !
Beside, his country would bestow
A quarter guinea, if not two ;
And he should always have th' first cut on
Our Sunday's leg of rotten mutton.

He spoke ; when lo ! the goddess Fear
Did with so pale a face appear,
It made 'em look confounded queer,
All but the bold Tydides, who
Brawls out, By Jupiter I'll go,
In spite of your pale phiz, and try
What weighty matters I can spy :
Within my breast a spirit lies
That tells me I shall steal some prize—

Not such a spright as moves the quaker
To preach to sister Ruth, then take her
Into some private place and shake her—
Mine is a knowing honest spright,
As true as Highland second sight.
But tho' I'm not afraid, yet mind me,
A trusty comrade you must find me,
Because, by ev'ry fool 'tis known,
Two heads are twice as good as one :
When one stands forward, one abaft,
They spy all matters fore and aft :
What's right a-head I need but mind,
My friend looks sharp to all behind.
Then if we fall into a scrape,
We help each other to escape ;
When one poor thief goes out alone,
I've known him like a devil run,
And burst himself, before he feels
There's nought but conscience at his heels :

But when there's two, we know for certain
A scoundrel can a scoundrel hearten.

If that's the case with thieves, pray then,
What won't it do for honest men ?

The moment this harangue was done,
Up jump'd the captains ev'ry one :
For, as one man was only wanted,
That each would 'scape they took for granted,
I'll go, says bully Ajax, d—n me !
And I, says little Ajax, slam me !
Cries Merion, with a furious nod,
I'll venture my calf-skin, by G-d !
Then roar'd out chatt'ring Nestor's son,
Sowse my old pluck but I'll make one !
At which the cuckold Menelau
Shrugg'd up his breeks, and swore he'd go.
That crafty dog, Ulysses, knowing
Great odds would be against his going,

Puts on his fighting face, and cries,
I'll take my chance, boys, smite my eyes !
When thus great Agamemnon bellows,
Now, by my soul, you're clever fellows !
But the bold Diomede himself
Must point us out what sturdy elf
Will likeliest be to stand the test,
And back his knotty pate the best.
Therefore, sans favour and affection,
Take thou, my boy, thy own election ;
'Twixt man and man, pay thou no deference,
Nor give to any lord the preference,
Unless it suit thy own accord,
But not because he is a lord ;
For you, as well as I, can scan
Ribbands and stars can't make a man ;
A lord will never prove your friend,
Unless you can yourself defend ;

If you're in want of help, he's sure
To bid his porter shut the door.
The gen'ral thus his fears did smother,
Lest he should choose his loving brother.

Then thus says Diomedes the steady,
My lord, I've made my choice already,
Nor think my judgment much amiss is,
When I declare I choose Ulysses.
They tell me I have spunk enough;
But he can plot as well as cuff,
Which makes the Trojans more afraid
Of his queer noddle than his blade.
Guarded by such a bold defender
I'll face Old Nick, or, if he'll send her,
Get twins upon the witch of Endor.

Ulysses cries, My friend, hush ! hush !
You'd make a modest fellow blush ;
None but a courtier, or his Grace,
Can bear such praising to his face.

But whilst we chatter thus and prate,
We never dream it grows so late ;
White streaks the blueish sky do wrinkle,
And the north star begins to twinkle ;
If any thing we think of doing,
'Tis time, by Jove, we should be going.

No sooner was it said than done :
They whipp'd their greasy buff-coats on ;
When Thrasymede, a man of note,
A potlid and a broomstick brought,
Which he the varlet Diom. lent ;
Then for an old church-bucket sent,
With dirt and mouldy grease o'erspread ;
This serv'd to case his leather head.
Ulysses next was fitted out
With a tough broomshaft for this bout ;
When Merion, that he nought might lack,
Hung him a bow upon his back ;

And then, to guard his paper skull,
Lent him a-cap well lin'd with wool,
A cap made wondrous fine before,
With two grim tushes of a boar—
This skull-cap, tho' not worth a louse,
Was stole by one Autolycus
From rich Amyntor, and the knave
The prize to Amphidamus gave;
To Molus, Amphidamus lent it,
And he to valiant Merion sent it;
By Merion it was given now
To guard this sly old soaker's brow.

Away they went, tho' half bepist,
And trotted through a thick Scotch mist;
When from the middle of a bush,
With noise and flutter, out did rush
A bird, so large and fierce, it made
This pair of bully Greeks afraid:



Book X. — page 242.

*When from the middle of a bush,
With noise & flutter out did rush
A bird, so large and fierce, it made
This pair of bully Greeks afraid.*

Tho' 'twas so dark they could not 'spy
What bird it was by th' naked eye,
Yet quickly by the voice they heard
'Twas a Scotch nightingale that scar'd
Their valiant hearts to much, that they
Had turn'd about to run away ;
When sly Ulysses, vex'd to th' soul
To be so frighten'd by an owl,
Like a queer rogue did quickly start up
A special scheme to keep his heart up,
Swore it would be a lucky night,
Because she took a turn to the right—
Had she to the left hand made a ring,
He still had sworn the self-same thing.
But here we do not find he stopp'd,
For on his knappers down he dropp'd ;
Then, like a canting knave in town,
Cock'd one eye up and t'other down.

Daughter, says he, of thund'ring Jove,
Who holds you all in awe above
(For, did he not the scales keep even,
You'd out o' th' windows throw all heaven),
Thou who hast aided my escape
From many a bitter bang and scrape,
Assist us, whilst this night we roam
To steal and carry something home !
That Trojans yet unborn may rue
The loss of goods they never knew.

Then Diomedé began to pray,
But spoke just as a man may say :
Daughter of Jove, began he too,
Why may'nt I say my prayers to you,
As well as this queer dog Ulysses ?
Who, I've a notion, never misses
To pray for aught that he may want,
Because you seldom fail to grant ;

And therefore, as he leads the way,
I'll try a spell how I can pray,
Tho', being us'd so little to't,
I shall be damn'd hard switch'd to do't ;
And would much rather, you are sure,
Box a whole week than pray an hour.—
But stop—a hem, I have it now :
Daughter of thund'ring Jove, as you
Did often help my little dad,
I hope you won't forsake his lad ;
For when to Thebes he took a walk
With their chief constables to talk—
He went Ambassador from Greece
To make or else to patch a peace ;
For in those days our records shew
Peace might be patch'd as well as now ;
But tho' he spoke in peaceful fashion,
They quickly put him in a passion,

On which he drubb'd those foes to Greece,
And gave them two black eyes a-piece—
Now as thou didst my father help,
Prithee assist his hopeful whelp,
And by my soul, as I'm a sinner,
I'll ask you to a handsome dinner ;
I'll kill a cow both fat and good,
And you shall have the guts and blood !

Thus Diomede, tho' hard put to't,
A middling prayer at last made out ;
And Pallas, as it plain appears,
Listen'd to both with both her ears.
Then like two hungry half-starv'd cats,
Who long to be amongst the rats,
They crept, as if they trod on eggs,
Through heaps of mangled arms and legs.

Now Hector from the close of day
Was looking sharp as well as they,

And would sleep none, you need not doubt him,
And call'd his bloods and bucks about him ;
When thus the mighty Trojan Broughton
Began a speech they little thought on :
My lads, says he, I would not wrong ye,
But I'm afraid there's not among ye
A brave bold-hearted buck that's willing
To risque his ears, and earn a shilling
By looking sharp among these fighters,
And learn what's doing in their lighters ;
'Spy if a proper watch they keep,
Or like good city watchmen sleep ;
What resolution is begun,
Whether the rogues will stand or run ?
By him that rolls the rumbling thunder !
I'll give him choice of all the plunder :
Himself shall choose from all the rest
The cart that suits his fancy best.

Just as he spoke, their eyes were all on
A simple youngster fix'd, call'd Dolon,
Who was, they say, the only lad
The usurer Eumedes had ;
But he had five fine girls beside,
As any man would wish to ride.—
The boy had carts and horses store,
And yet the bastard wanted more :
Tho' he was not so handsome quite
As Molly ——'s catamite,
Yet he had got (I scorn to wrong 'em)
The longest pair of legs among 'em.

Hector, says he, and puff'd his cheeks,
I'll go among these sweaty Greeks :
But hold your broomstaff in your hand,
And swear to grant me my demand ;
For you must know, good Sir, my will is
To have the horses of Achilles,

And his fine cart with painted rails,
All stuck with spanking great brass nails :
Say but the word they shall be mine,
I'll quickly smoke out their design ;
I'll steal, by such temptations led,
Under their gen'ral's truckle-bed.

His broomstaff then above his head
Great Hector flourish'd, whilst he said :
Be witness thou, whose rumbling thunder
Makes wicked reprobates knock under,
Drives the vile scoundrels helter skelter
To ale and cyder vaults for shelter,
I promise, ere the Greeks we fall on,
To give these nags to honest Dolon.

Thus Hector swore : but Jove, they say,
Was looking then another way ;
Whether some bullock's guts were burning,
And he that way his head was turning :

Or saw some ruddy country lass
That took his eye so much, he was
Contriving how to get a grope-a,
Or bull her, as he did Europa—
Be that as't may, his chuckle head
Heard not a word that Hector said.

Howe'er, the lad prepar'd to pack,
So slung his bow across his back,
Then o'er his narrow shoulders tied,
To keep him warm, a grey wolf's hide :
A brown fur cap, well lin'd within
With rabbit or else weazle's skin,
Serv'd his mishapen pate to grace,
And cover'd half his weazle face :
With an oak stick he grop'd the track,
And went—but never yet came back.

A mile he walk'd not, nor three quarters,
Before he met this pair of tartars :

Ulysses, that sly lurching dog,
Heard first, and gave a gentle jog
To Diomede; then whisp'ring cries,
Flux me! but both my ears tell lies.
If I don't hear a pair of feet
Come paddling this way to the fleet,
Some peeping whelp, like us, a-going
To see what t'other side are doing,
Or pilf'ring rogue stole out of bed
To pick the pockets of the dead.
Be what he will, we'll here lie snug,
Let him but pass, we have him rug;
For when we've got the heedless whelp
So far, he can't roar out for help:
If he should run, do you but follow,
I'll answer for't you'll beat him hollow:
But if he slips you in the track,
I'll stay and catch him coming back.

At this they stepp'd among the grass,
And stoop'd to let poor Dolon pass ;
Go where he would, these sharpers mind him,
And follow pretty close behind him ;
There was not, could the eye have seen 'em,
Above a rood of land between 'em.
Now Dolon heard a sort of humming,
But thought some messenger was coming
To fetch him back ; but soon the lout
Began to smell the rascals out—
Smell 'em, I say, because they tell us
The Greeks were dev'lish sweaty fellows,
Therefore no wonder he so well
Could nose 'em by their frowsy smell—
On which a strong desire he feels
To trust his good old friends, his heels.
Away the long-legg'd varlet flew,
Whilst they, like staunch old hounds, pursue :

Cut short the ground he scamper'd over,
And met him as he made to cover ;
And thus, in spite of all his heels,
They drove him 'mongst the Grecian keels.
When Pallas came to Diomede—
Says she, You run a hellish speed :
But this same spark, if I speak true, can
Run half as fast again as you can,
And, if a race you longer hazard,
Split me but he will burst your mazzard !
Then, when you've almost run him down,
Some other Greek will crack his crown.

At this he roars with threat'ning hand :
You cursed dog, if you don't stand,
The moment that your long legs fail ye,
Blast my old slippers but I'll nail ye !
His trusty broomstaff then he threw,
Which over Dolon's shoulder flew,

But whizz'd so as it pass'd his ear,
It stak'd him to the ground with fear.
Trembling he stood a dev'lish odd piece,
Whilst his teeth chatter'd in his c—piece;
The bullies, almost burst with trying
T' outrun him, came and seiz'd him crying.

Blubb'ring he roars, You see I won't
Run any more ; so pray ye don't
Hurt a poor hopeful harmless lad,
And I can tell you my old dad
Will give you each an half-peck hopper
Brimful of excellent good copper—
None of your Birmingham affairs,
Nor any such-like shabrag wares,
But good new halfpence from the mint,
With honest George's face in print.
My daddy all the copper handles
That we receive for soap and candles,

Picks out the good ones from the pack,
And turns the Birminghams all back ;
Or if by chance a few are taken,
He pops 'em off for cheese and bacon.

Uly, whose ears would bear no stopper
When money chink'd, altho' but copper,
At present makes this queer reply :
Be bold, my cock, don't fear to die :
But tell us why, instead of sleeping,
You choose to spend your time in peeping.
Did Hector's bribes set you a-going
To find what bus'ness we were doing ?
Or by yourself, whilst all are snoring,
You're got upon some scheme of whoring ?
Or are you some poor lousy soul,
Sprung up from Hockley in the Hole,
Come to steal waistcoats from the dead,
To pawn for porter, cheese, and bread ?

Tell us, my boy, and tell us true,
And then you'll see what we shall do.

Whilst Dolon took some time to pause,
His grinders rattling in his jaws,
With doleful phiz at last he speaks :
I'll tell you all, thrice worthy Greeks !
'Twas Hector, curse his pimpled face !
That sent me to this luckless place ;
He promis'd me, confound his brags !
That pair of flaming pye-bald nags
Achilles bought of Farmer Saul :
He promis'd me the cart and all.
Those damn'd brass lacquer'd nails that shine,
And made his cart so flaming fine,
Tempted my loggerhead to come
And leave a good warm bed at home,
Only to find if Madam Fear
Had made you run, or kept you here ;

Or if there was a chance of snapping
A proper time to catch you napping.

Body o' me ! Ulysses cries,
You ask'd the devil of a prize ;
How couldst thou be so strangely flamm'd ?
Thou drive his horses ? thou be d—d !
Did you not know, you stupid elf,
No man alive, except himself,
Can either drive his tits, or catch 'em ?
Bever himself could never match 'em.
But he can stop 'em with a twitch,
'Cause got upon a water-witch ;
Had he been mortal man, I know,
They'd broke his neck some years ago.
But, if you'd have me your protector,
Say where the great kill-devil Hector
Goes ev'ry night to drink a pot ;
How many geldings has he got ?

For, whilst the drunken ostlers nod,
We'll steal 'em if we can, by G-d !
Where do the other captains sleep ?
How many watchmen do they keep ?
But tell us truly, whilst you're doing,
What kind of mischief they are brewing ;
Whether they'll stay to cut our throats,
And burn our crazy rotten boats,
Or think 'tis better to employ
Their strength to guard their whore's nest Troy.

Thus spake Ulysses ; and this Dolon,
Whom these two rogues design'd to fall on,
Cries, like a coward son of whore,
I'll tell you all the truth, and more :
Upon a grave-stone near yon farm,
Kicking their heels to keep them warm,
I left the captains all with Hector,
Clubbing their pates, as I conjecture,

How they may rid the Trojan shores
Of all you Grecian sons of whores :
As to the watchmen, a small share
Are thinly scatter'd here and there,
And e'en those few that watch should keep,
Like city watchmen, soundly sleep,
The Trojans guard the sentry boxes,
For fear the Greeks should trim their doxies ;
But all the foreigners, who're come
To help us, left their wives at home ;
For, as one woman caus'd the rout
That all this mischief is about,
Should we our wenches bring, think they,
The devil then will be to pay ;
For mischief's never in perfection,
Unless when under their direction :
Therefore in leaving them, we find,
They left their greatest plagues behind,

And now they sleep as free from care
As if your Greekships were not near.

Then, says Ulysses, tell, I pray,
Where do these sleeping fellows lay ;
Amongst the Trojans do they snore,
Or by themselves along the shore ?

I'll tell you all, replies the spy,
And how their raggamuffins lie :
The Peons first, who shoot their arrows
So true, they hit tom-tits or sparrows ;
The Carians, sharp as wolves or falcons
At beef and pudding ; then the Caucons
With the Pelasgians, hardy mortals
At drinking punch, and eating turtles—
A task that they perform so well,
All corporations they excel ;
By them great * * * * would be beat in
Both guzzling punch, and turtle-eating.

As for the Leleges, they lie
Along the shore ; and pretty nigh,
A little higher, snores the Lycian,
With the Mæonian, and the Mycian.
Quite snug, near Thymbra's old mud wall,
The Phrygian horse are there ; and all
The Thracians pig in by themselves,
A set of roaring, sturdy elves,
That came last night, led on by Rhesus,
A fellow twice as rich as Cræsus :
In your born days you never saw
Such milk-white tits, they beat the snow ;
With silver all his cart is grac'd,
And his buff jacket double lac'd.
Now you have heard my mournful ditty,
I hope you'll spare a little pity ;
Keep me in limbo till you try
If I don't scorn to tell a lie.

When bully Diomede replies :
May Hector knock out both my eyes
If I've a grain of pity now
For such a sneaking rogue as you !
Should you escape us both to-night,
Such rogues as you will never fight,
But sure as eggs, whilst folks are sleeping,
We both again should catch thee peeping.

The moment that these words he said,
He from his shoulders whipp'd his head,
Which at that time for grace was seeking,
So as it fell continued speaking,
And even on the ground lay mutt'ring,
And for a minute good kept sputt'ring ;
But chang'd its tone, and with an oath
Bid the great devil fetch them both.

Quickly these champions made a snap
At both the grey wolf's skin and cap :

Whilst Diom. seiz'd his bow and stick,
Ulysses did his pocket pick,
In which he found a silver penny,
But, 'stead of owning he found any,
He set his roguish plotting head
To work, to cheat poor Diomede.

Tydides, says this face of gallows,
One day as I held chat with Pallas,
She told me, maugre all her care
Her goat-skin coat was worn thread-bare,
She therefore would be much my debtor
If I another coat could get her.

As for her part, she does not care
Whether I get it in Rag-Fair,
Or Monmouth-Street, or any where,
So it comes cheap, for times are now
As hard above stairs, as below ;

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Not one of all the royal pages
But wants six quarters of his wages,
Occasion'd by a thriving band,
That keep the money in their hand.
Now, since the goddess is hard set
A coat of any kind to get,
What better can she have than these?
Which we'll present her, if you please.

Then, without waiting a reply,
He pray'd, and upward cock'd his eye:
Broughtonian queen! receive these goods,
And do not leave us in the suds,
But help us now to mind our hits,
And boldly steal these Thracian tits,
Nor suffer any Trojan scrub
Thy true and trusty 'squires to drub.
If they should come before we've done
The bus'ness we are now upon,

Do you but keep the whelps in play,
And we'll take care to run away.
'Twill only be a grateful deed
To help us in this time of need,
Because of all the sky-bred crew
We say our prayers the first to you.

With sapient face, so saying, he
Hung the wolf's hide upon a tree,
Tho' not so high but he could reach it—
Pallas he knew would never fetch it ;
Then scatter'd reeds along the track,
To help to guide their rogueships back.

Now o'er the field they sculk away,
Like bailiffs hunting for their prey :
They found the Thracians in a trench,
Snoring like judges on the bench ;
A broomstaff lay at each man's side,
And to their carts their nags were tied.

The luckless Rhesus soon they spy
Amongst his raggamuffins lie ;
His two brave geldings, fit to start
For thousands, stood behind his cart.
Ulysses, ever quick of sight,
Was first to see th' unlucky wight ;
Then, pointing to his comrogue, cries,
See there, my boy, a tempting prize !
Rhesus, the cart and horses too,
Are planted fair within your view :
Besides the jerkin lac'd with gold,
Of which we were by Dolon told,
I'm pretty sure, before we part,
That one of us may steal the cart :
If you don't feel your courage lags,
Kill you the loons, I'll steal the nags.

He said ; and Pallas, never slack
At mischief, clapp'd the whelp o' th' back ;

On which the rascal fell to kicking,
Slashing, and cutting throats, and sticking,
With a long Dutchman's knife, that he
Had bought to play at snickersnee :
Where'er the varlet walk'd or stood,
He made the ground all wet with blood.
Just so the cat that guards the house,
Leaps from the dresser on a mouse,
Pots, pans, and kettles, all give way,
Till puss has seiz'd the trembling prey ;
Just so this dog pursu'd his luck,
Till he'd a dozen Thracians stuck.
Ulysses, as his friend did stick 'em,
Behind a cock of hay did kick 'em,
For fear, he said, the horses might
At dead men's bodies take a fright ;
But the true reason was, the elf
Could pick their pockets by himself—

And that he did ; but, by the bye,
'Tis only known to you and I.
Now, having murder'd twelve, at last
They found poor Rhesus snoring fast ;
Pallas had sent an ugly dream,
Wherein a Duch-built thief did seem
To shake a snickersneeing knife,
And swear he'd have his purse and life :
All this he dream'd, old Homer knew,
But never wak'd to find it true.

Ulysses quickly seiz'd the bits,
And bridled both the flaming tits ;
Leading them out, to make 'em go
He smack'd their buttocks with his bow :
Tho' the whip hung where he might reach it,
He durst as well be hang'd as fetch it,
But tipp'd the sign to Diomede
To come away with all his speed.

Now he was standing to consider,
And think about the matter, whether
To stick more men, which he could do,
Or steal the cart and jacket too.

Pallas, who saw him thus dispute
Within himself, in haste roars out,
Pray what the pox are you about?

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Enough in conscience have you done,
And split me but 'tis time to run!
In jobs like these the man that lingers
Is sure at last to burn his fingers.

When Diom. heard Minerva say
That she would have him run away,
He knew she scorn'd her friends to banter,
So mounts, and pops into a canter;
For wise men oft exert their might in
Running away as well as fighting.
Ulysses with his bow-string flogging
Took care to keep these cart-tits jogging.

Apollo, who was Hector's friend,
Had seen this jade from heav'n descend,
And guess'd it was for no good end ;
He saw the bitch, by mischief led,
Help this damn'd rogue, this Diomede,
To murder honest folks in bed ;
Which vex'd him so, he whipp'd him down,
And wak'd the trusty Hippocoon,
Who came on Rhesus to attend,
And was his coz. as well as friend.
The moment that this loving cousin
Awak'd, he saw a baker's dozen
Of Thracians kill'd, and, what much worse is,
The rogues had carried off the horses.
At this poor Hip. began to cry,
And wring his hands most bitterly ;
For all he sobb'd, but Rhesus long
Remain'd the burthen of his song :

Had the damn'd dogs that came to fleece us,
Says he, but spar'd my cousin Rhesus,
I'd not have lent 'em twenty curses
For stealing half a hundred horses;
But since they have my cousin struck,
May all their schemes have damn'd bad luck!
And to spin out their life in pain,
Pray God they ne'er may sh-te again!

Whilst Hippy mumbles out this prayer,
The Trojans flock about and stare,
Wond'ring what rascals had been there.
In the mean while these Yorkshire dealers,
By London juries call'd horse-stealers,
Kept flogging both their tits away,
To reach the place where Dolon lay:
Ulysses stopp'd, and begg'd Tydide
Would 'light, and fetch the grey wolf's hide,
With arrows, bow, and staff, and all
They had from long-legg'd Dolon stole.

This done, their nags away they spang,
Like thieves pursu'd by Fielding's gang.
Old Nestor was in woeful doubt,
And therefore kept a sharp look-out ;
So, when the thieving rogues drew near 'em,
No wonder he was first to hear 'em :
And hear 'em Square-toes did for sure,
For thus th' old buff began to roar :

Lay but your ears upon the ground,
And, if you do not hear the sound
Of horses galloping this road,
Call me a stupid queer old toad !
Some geldings they perhaps have stole,
(I wish they may with all my soul !)
And now perhaps are rattling come
In triumph with their booty home ;
Tho' 'faith I can't help looking blue ;
Pray, Jove, my fears don't prove too true !

But I'm afraid they may be watch'd,
And by that means be overmatch'd ;
And then my fine-laid scheme's abolish'd,
And both their knotty pates demolish'd.

These words old buff had hardly said,
But up the varlet Diomede
Came puffing, like the trainband guards
After a march of fifty yards ;
Ulysses follow'd ; off they jump
Upon the ground with such a bump,
They made it rattle with the thump. }
Their comroques shook 'em by the hand,
With, Well, and how do matters stand ?
We funk'd a little 'faith and troth,
Lest we should lose you one or both,
And 'gan to look confounded blue,
Both for ourselves, as well as you.

But silence call'd, the queer old Greek,
Who always claim'd first turn to speak,
Began this speech: Ye sons of thunder,
Pray tell us in the name of wonder
Where you purloin'd these nags, which I
Suspect ar'n't come at honestly?
As sure as Helen is a punk,
You've found some whoring god dead-drunk,
Or fast asleep, so stole these nags,
Which beat Apollo's all to rags.
I'll take upon my oath to swear
He never yet had such a pair,
Tho' he's obliged, or lose his pay,
To run his hackney's ev'ry day;
And therefore in discretion ought
To have the best that can be bought.
Tho' I am old, yet strike me stiff,
And dry me for a mummy, if

In all the lands I've travell'd o'er
I ever saw such nags before !
But speak the truth, if on the road
You did not fudge 'em from some god,
As we all know, when once you're set
On thieving, nothing 'scapes your net,
And Jove himself and Pallas too
Have help'd your roguish tricks ere now.

When Ithacus begins to chatter :
Old dad, says he, 'tis no such matter.
God gives us grace, and that of course is
Much better for our souls than horses :
But these grey nags were born in Thrace ;
Their master to a better place,
Or worse, is gone, I can't say whether :
But bold Tydides sent him thither ;
And with him a round dozen went
Of scrubs, that for his guard were meant ;

And they have prov'd so very civil,
As guard their master to the devil.
But at our lucky setting out
I should have told we seiz'd a scout,
So judg'd it would be for the best,
To hell to send this prying guest,
To 'speak warm places for the rest,
Which we design'd should quickly follow,
Unless prevented by Apollo.

So Diomede the scoundrel led off,
And in a moment whipp'd his head off.

This said, he took him up a switch,
And spank'd the horses o'er the ditch.
The rabble follow'd all the way,
Roaring Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
And ne'er could get their wide mouths shut
Until they reach'd the gen'ral's hut.
There his old tits, not worth a guinea,
Welcom'd the strangers with a whinney ;

Then for a handsome sort of treat,
As oats were scarce, they gave 'em wheat.

This done, Ulysses takes a trip
With Dolon's hide on board a ship,
Where on the stern-post did he stretch it,
Then bad Minerva come and fetch it.
By this rogue's trick, 'tis pretty clear,
He cheated Diom. of his share.

Now in the sea, to keep 'em sweet,
They wash'd their dirty, sweaty feet,
And, so refresh them from their toil,
Their noses rubb'd with sallad oil ;
And then, to give their stomachs ease,
Each cut a slice of bread and cheese :
But, as on Pallas first they think,
To her they fill th' first mug of drink,
Which gently on the ground they pour,
And bid her lick it off the floor.

But how she did, to me's a doubt
Which I could never yet make out.
And now these jovial lucky fellows
Chaunted Old Rose, and burn the Bellows;
Having great reason to believe,
The next time they went out to thieve,
This scratching brim, without dispute,
Would stand their friend, and help 'em out.
Joyful they dance, and sing, and roar,
Till they can sing and dance no more;
Then smoke their pipes, and drink, and funk,
Till ev'ry soul got bloody drunk !

END OF BOOK X.

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THE ELEVENTH BOOK

OF

HOMER'S ILIAD.

T 4

ARGUMENT.

THE Grecian chief his jacket put on,
Tho' there was not a single button,
Either of horn, or metal cast,
Remain'd upon't, to make it fast.
Yet as they could not do without him,
He tied it with a cord about him ;
Not a grand swashy green or red cord,
But an old rotten piece of bed-cord ;
Then don'd a pair of piss-burnt brogues on,
And went to lead his ragged rogues on ;—
Whilst Hector, ever bold and steady,
Soon got his trusty Trojans ready.
For signal, two celestial strumpets
Employ their tongues instead of trumpets.
Jove thunder'd too, but all the sound
In their superior noise was drown'd ;
For such a din they made at starting,
His thunder sounded just like farting.
And now, whilst Agamemnon mauls 'em,
And with his crab-tree cudgel galls 'em,
Jove call'd for Iris, to direct her
To go and caution bully Hector
To let this Grecian bruiser roam
Till some chance knock should send him home.

Then Hector makes a woeful rout,
 And kicks the Grecians all about ;
 Whome'er he hit, he surely dropp'd him,
 Till Diom. and Ulysses stopp'd him ;
 Stopp'd for a while, but 'twas not much,
 For Diomede soon got a touch,
 Which made the bully limp away,
 And leave Ulysses in the fray,
 Who got, unless the poet lies,
 A broken rib and two black eyes ;
 When Menelau, and Ajax stout,
 Came apropos to help him out.
 Hector for Ajax went to seek,
 But found his nob too hard to break.
 Whilst thus each other's bones they whack,
 Paris had almost lam'd their quack ;
 Nestor at this, without delay,
 Drives both himself and quack away.
 Achilles, who was looking out
 To see what work they were about,
 Sends his companion to enquire
 What made old grizzle-beard retire.
 The threshold he had scarce set foot on,
 When Nestor seiz'd him by the button ;
 In that condition did he hold him
 Till he had two long stories told him,

How cocks and bulls, when he was young,
Would fight like devils all day long.
But still the aim of this old whelp
Was but to gain Achilles' help,
Or, if he would not come to blows,
To lend Patroclus his thick clothes.
Patroclus then his best legs put on,
Glad he'd so well releas'd his button,
And met Euryp'lus as he went
Limping along to reach his tent ;
Tho' he just then was running faster
Than penny-postman, this disaster
Stay'd him till he had spread a plaister. }

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

AND now the Morn, with yellow locks,
From Tithon's hammock stuff'd with flocks,
Arose, to shew both gods and men
That day was coming once again,
To glad the hearts of those with light
Whose conscience could not bear the night;
Lawyers, attorneys, bawds, and pimps,
Born to replenish hell with imps,
A race whose own reflection frets 'em,
And damns 'em ere the devil gets 'em;—

When Jove, the constable of heav'n,
Willing to keep things pretty even,
A scolding quean, one Eris, seeks,
And sends her down to help the Greeks ;
Her tongue he knew there was no holding,
She storms and tempests rais'd with scolding.
Away then flies the noisy witch,
With a long roll well soak'd in pitch,
The torch of discord call'd by Jove,
And all the people else above ;
But if to me you'll yield belief,
'Twas nothing but a lawyer's brief,
Drawn for the plaintiff, and at th' end on't
Was tied another for th' defendant.
This stuff the goddess Discord thinks
The best materials for her links ;
So long ago has ceas'd to spin,
And buys her gear at Lincoln's-Inn.

One of these torches Eris drew
Along the sky as down she flew,
Which forty thousand sparkles shed,
And mark'd the road she came all red ;
Then fix'd upon Ulysses' boat,
And there began to tune her throat,
Bawling a song to suit the case,
To which her bum play'd thorough-bass,
But made such thund'ring as she trump'd,
Both Ajax and Achilles jump'd,
Tho' their two boats could not be under
Three miles at least, or four, asunder.
Then through the fleet sh' inspires each chief,
And strews the ashes of the brief.
Such rancour now the varlets fills,
They all look'd fierce as Bobadils ;
The rogues that readiest stood to run
As soon as slaps o' th' chaps begun,

Now d—n their eyes, and make a rout,
And strut, and kick their hats about.
Great Agamemnon first did start out,
And roar'd as if he'd roar his heart out ;
Then set th' example, and begun
To put his fighting doublet on.
His legs he thought there were some doubts on,
So whipp'd a pair of large jack-boots on,
Borrow'd that morning by his surgeon
Of Foote's bold-hearted Major Sturgeon ;
Then went and fetch'd his basket hilt,
And o'er his bosom hung a quilt,
A lousy quilt, altho' the thing
Was giv'n him by a brother king ;
Tho' from a king, says Doctor Swift,
A man may get a lousy gift ;
But being stuff'd with rags and flocks,
It kept his stomach free from knocks.

ots on,





Book XI. — page 287.

*And all around in various places,
Were grinning chops & wry-mouth'd faces,
But in the middle part, to make
The Trojans run, he plac'd a snake.*

On it was painted such a dragon
As few sign-painters e'er could brag on ;
St. George's dragon on the sign
At Stamford, where they sell good wine,
Would, I am sure, compar'd to that,
Appear a common tabby cat.
O'er all he tied a belt of buff skin,
Or doe, or tup, or some such tough skin,
Such as our northern carriers fold
About their loins to keep out cold.
A potlid hung upon his arm
To guard his ribs from taking harm.
With brazen hoops and brazen centre,
That points of broomsticks might not enter ;
On which a frightful head did grin,
Almost as ugly as Miss——,
And all around, in various places,
Were grinning chaps and wry-mouth'd faces.

But in the middle part, to make
The Trojans run, he plac'd a snake,
Gaping as wide as if he'd swallow
An ox, with horns, and guts, and tallow ;
Which made the folks, when he did meet 'em,
Scamper for fear the snake should eat 'em,
Whilst he pursu'd, and thought they fled
For fear of his great chuckle head.
His leathern skull-cap, worn thread-bare,
He furbish'd up with horse's hair ;
Then in his hand two broomstaves shook,
And look'd as fierce as he could look.
Thus arm'd complete, he march'd to fright 'em,
In hopes to make 'em all be—te 'em.
That instant, to increase the strife,
Jove's daughter and his scolding wife
A cannon ball began to roll
In Jupiter's great mustard bowl.

Whilst the machine they both were holding,
To mend the noise they fell to scolding ;
This cleft the welkin quite asunder,
And made the Greeks believe 'twas thunder,
Which fill'd 'em with such fighting rage,
They push'd like Britons to engage.
The foot first hasten'd to the battle,
And after them the carts did rattle ;
With such a roaring they begun,
Before his time they wak'd the Sun,
Who, hearing such a dreadful clatter,
Jump'd up and cried, Zoons ! what's the matter ?
But both his eyes being clos'd with gum,
From whence this roaring noise did come
He could not spy, till fasting spittle
Had op'd his gummy eyes a little.
Jove thunder'd too, for he was mad
To see the dogs so bitter bad ;

And mix'd a shower of rain with rud,
To make 'em think it rain'd sheer blood ;
Nor would he longer tarry near 'em,
But fairly left Old Nick to steer 'em.

Near Ilus' grave, upon the hill,
Was Hector drinking bumpers still ;
The grave-stone serv'd 'em for a table,
And there they drank till they were'nt able
To stand, or, as our bard supposes,
To see each other's copper noses.
Polydamas partook the feast,
With a sly Presbyterian priest,
Eneas call'd—a rogue whose lights
Would shew you nothing but the whites,
Whene'er he wanted to deceive you,
And helpless in the suds to leave you ;
This he'd perform with such a grace,
You'd ne'er suspect his pious face.


Agenor with his second sight,
And Polybus, a simple knight,
Two brothers of Antenor's race,
Around the bottle took their place :
With Acamas, a boy that had
As few bad tricks as any lad
In all the town, altho' 'tis true
He was a Presbyterian Jew.—
Pray what religion's that ? say you.
I'll tell you, my good friend, anon :
A Presbyterian Jew is one
That likes engagements with the wenches,
But hates both gunpowder and trenches.
Hector a pretty girl was thrumming
When first he heard the Grecians coming,
And tho' twelve bumpers he had sipp'd up,
He soon his shield and broomstick whipp'd up,

Then quickly 'mongst the Trojans goes out
To make 'em turn their sweaty toes out,
And square their elbows : here and there
He frisk'd about, and ev'ry where,
Whilst streaming sparkles, as he pass'd,
From his broad metal buttons flash'd.
On Sundays view our Farmer Gooding
When he attacks a suet-pudding,
Slice after slice you'll see him cut,
And stuff within his gundy gut ;
Whilst on the other side his man
Slices as fast as e'er he can ;
With eager haste they slice and eat,
Till both their knives i' th' centre meet :
Thus Greeks and Trojans on a sudden
Tumble like slices of the pudding,
Give and receive most hearty thwacks,
Yet never think to turn their backs,

But scratch, and bite, and tear, and kick,
Like two boar-cats hung 'cross a stick.

Discord, the wrangling lawyer's friend,
Did on this dreadful broil attend ;
But all the rest above the moon,
Tho' they were willing, durst as soon
Run to Old Nick as venture down :
But tho' confin'd to keep their places
They made abominable faces,
Whilst all the time their guts were grumbling
At Jove, for keeping Troy from tumbling.
Now he, good soul, was set alone
On his old cricket, call'd a throne,
Where, spite of all his wife could say,
He gave Miss Destiny her way ;
Tho' now and then he squinted down
In great amaze, to see how soon
The varlets crack'd each other's crown.

Now, whilst the Sun was working still
To flog his hackneys up the hill,
Both parties fought with equal luck,
And furious blows on each side struck :
But at the time when sea-coal heavers,
With taylors' 'prentices and weavers,
Quit looms and boards, and leave their work
In search of scalded peas and pork—
Just at that time the Greeks begun
To make some straggling Trojans run.
Atrides seiz'd that crisis too,
To let 'em see what he could do.
Quickly he crack'd Bianor's crown,
A smart attorney of the town,
Then knock'd his clerk Oileus down,
Who, when he saw his loving master
Get hurt, was coming with a plaster.



Atrides, whilst his hands were full,
Like a brave fellow, crack'd his skull ;
Then of their jackets he bereft 'em,
And naked to the weather left 'em ;
For which, depend, these sons of faction
At proper time will bring an action.
Now, whilst his hand was in, he runs
And meets with two of Priam's sons :
One was a bastard, got upon
The Daughter of his ploughman John :
But, as we are inform'd, the other
Was got upon an honest mother,
Who would not let her maidenhead
Be touch'd till Christian grace was said ;
But when that's done, e'en touch and touch,
No honest man can do too much,
These loving brothers, loth to part,
Had hir'd a Norfolk farmer's cart,

Where with great skill they did contrive
That one should fight, the other drive.
In former days they us'd to keep
On Sussex downs a flock of sheep.
Achilles, who, as you must note,
Commanded once a smuggling-boat,
To steal some sheep one night had landed ;
And being then but slender-handed,
He went his thieving crew to call off,
And bid them bring the boys and all off ;
Then made his dad for their release
Remit him three half-crowns a-piece—
Money ill war'd, since they so soon
Were knock'd by Agamemnon down !
On the pert bastard first he press'd,
And lent him such a punch o' th' breast,
It made him in a twinkling kick up
His heels, and belch, and f—t, and hiccup ;

Instant bestow'd he such a pat
Upón the brother's gold-lac'd hat,
That down he tumbled with a plump,
And bruis'd his thigh, and split his rump :
Then, flat as on the ground they lay,
He stole their hats and coats away.
With aching hearts the Trojans spy him,
But dare not for their guts come nigh him ;
Thus shoplifts see their brothers taken,
But dare not stir to save their bacon.
Still furious on the foe he runs,
And mauls Antimachus' two sons—
A sneaking rascal, who had sold
His vote in parliament for gold ;
From whoring Paris taking pay,
He made a speech for Nell to stay,
And humbugg'd all the senate so,
They bawl out Aye, instead of No.

Now these two lads Atrides caught,
And drubb'd 'em for the father's fault.
They got a hard-mouth'd resty horse,
They could not stop with all their force,
But he would run, aye, that he would,
Just where this fighting Grecian stood ;
The lads had pull'd the resty tup
Till both were tir'd, so gave it up ;
On which the Greek their noddles peppers,
Till down they dropp'd upon their kneppers,
And, in a dismal doleful ditty,
Begg'd for an ounce or two of pity :
Good Mr. Agamemnon, spare
Two harmless lads, and hear their pray'r,
For which Antimachus will make
Such presents you'll be glad to take.
You need but send him a short note
You've stow'd us safe in your old boat,

And if he doth not think it proper
To send a stone of brass and copper,
We then will give you leave to beat us,
Or, if you please, to hash and eat us.

Now, tho' the yonkers made no noise,
But talk'd like very hopeful boys,
This harden'd rogue, before they'd done,
In a great passion thus begun :
If you're Antimachus's blood,
I'll drub your hides, by all that's good !
That scurvy mangey rascal would
Have kill'd my brother if he could,
With sly Ulysses, when from Greece
They came to fetch that precious piece,
That Madam Helen, whose affair
Has cost more lives than she has hair
Upon her head, or any where.

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No prayers that you can coin shall speed
With me, to save such scoundrel breed.
On this he with a crab-tree stump
Gave poor Philander such a thump,
It made him tumble from the cart out,
And spew his very guts and heart out.
The brother finding him so tart,
He leap'd head foremost from the cart :
There, as he lay upon the sands
The whelp disabled both his hands ;
Then boldly seiz'd him by the snout,
And almost twined his neck about.
Whilst he continu'd these mad freaks,
He double distanc'd all the Greeks :
Still he kept cuffing on, and swearing,
Whilst they kept wondering and staring,
So when the mighty bowl doth sally
From th' corner of a nine-pin alley,

Pin after pin by him is thrown,
Till the whole nine are tumbled down ;
Just so Atrides in his passion
Tumbled 'em down in nine-pin fashion,
And drove about with such a rumble,
Whole squadrons either run or tumble ;
Many a Trojan made he smart,
And emptied many a higler's cart.
The cart-tits, when without a guide,
Ran like bewitch'd from side to side,
Farted, and kick'd, and jump'd about—
In short, they made such dreadful rout,
They hurt their Trojan friends much more
Than they had done 'em good before.

Whilst the fierce Greek, where'er he flew,
Beat the poor devils black and blue,
Had Hector met this Grecian cock,
Depend upon't he'd got a knock ;

But Jove took care he should not meet him,
Lest in his passion he should eat him,
But kept the Trojan's coat from stains
Of blood, and guts, and scatter'd brains.
Now Jove took all this care, I ween,
'Cause Hector's coat was very clean,
Whilst ev'ry Greek in all the clan
Look'd like a butcher's journeyman.

And now this furious fighting knave
Drove 'em like smoke by Ilus' grave
Amongst some fig-trees, where for shelter
They ran like wild-fire helter skelter—
Not with design to turn and rally,
But there they knew a dark blind alley
That led directly to the town,
Through which they ran like devils down.
Atrides ran as fast as they,
Roaring and bawling all the way,

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Till he had made himself as hot
As Fore-street Doll's pease-porridge pot :
When, coming near the Scean gate,
He thought it would be best to wait
For further help ; so held his stick up,
And stopp'd to take his wind and hiccup.

In the mean time the Trojans ply
Their clay-burnt heels most lustily.
As when the constable and watchmen
Are on a party sent to catch men
Who have the day before been dealing
In what the justices call stealing ;
Their phiz the thieves no sooner spy,
But all to reach the window try ;
Their haste occasions such a jumble,
Head over heels the scoundrels tumble,
And wedge themselves so very fast,
The hobbling watchmen seize the last ;

So did Atrides bounce and fick,
And always lent the last a kick :
Thus did he play the de'il and all,
Until he reach'd the Trojan wall,
Which his great fury did design
To tumble down or undermine ;
When Jove sent such a shower of rain
As won't be quickly seen again,
And would have added thunder to it,
But could not get his lightning through it.

At this he bawls, Come hither, Iris !
You see in rain so drench'd my fire is,
It cannot go as I design'd it,
To make yond roaring scoundrels mind it ;
And as for thunder, tho' they fear it,
They make such noise they cannot hear it.
Therefore, my girl, do you descend
And tell my honest Trojan friend,

Whilst Agamemnon thus keeps puffing,
I would not have him think of cuffing ;
Let other people stop his flouncing,
Bold Hector need not mind his bouncing :
Small captains may his waters watch ;
For Hector he's no more a match
Than penny bleeders to a surgeon,
Or Jerry Sneak to Major Surgeon.
Tell him, altho' he makes such rout,
And kicks the Trojans all about,
In half an hour, I'll lay a groat,
He gets his teeth knock'd down his throat ;
Then shall my bully Hector thwack 'em,
And I will lend a hand to whack 'em,
Till he has made them take long strides
On board their boats to save their hides—
Drub 'em he shall from place to place,
Till Night pops up her blackguard face.

At this the jade gave such a jump,
That some foul air within her rump
Came puffing with a thund'ring trump :
But letting fly too soon, we find
She drove so much unsav'ry wind
Up Jove's broad nose, he look'd d—d gruff,
And sneez'd as if he'd ta'en Scotch snuff.
These thund'ring puffs, let out so nigh
The sun, take fire as down they fly ;
From whence 'tis evident that plain bow,
Which silly mortals call the rain-bow,
Is known by folks that view it nigher
To be a chain of farts on fire.

Hector she found amidst the fray,
Mounted upon a brewer's dray :
Hector, says she, perhaps you'll stare
To hear I come from Jupiter ;
But so it is, believe it true,
He sends his compliments to you,



Book XI. — page 306.

*Hector, says she, perhaps you'll stare,
To hear it come from Jupiter;
But so it is, believe it true,
He sends his compliments to you.*



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And says, while Atreus' son keeps puffing,
He would not have you think of cuffing ;
Let other people stop his flouncing,
You need not mind his brags and bouncing ;
Small captains may his waters watch ;
For you the whelp's no more a match
Than penny bleeders to a surgeon,
Or Jerry Sneak to Major Sturgeon :
And adds, that tho' he makes such rout,
And kicks the Trojans all about,
In half an hour, he'll lay a groat,
He gets his teeth knock'd down his throat.
Then Hector shall the Grecians whack,
And I will clap him on the back,
Till he has made each Grecian fighter
Scamper on board his rotten lighter :
Nor shall he cease the rogues to fright
Till they're reliev'd by Mrs. Night.

Then, in a cloud as black as pitch,
She vanish'd like a Lapland witch.

Hector no sooner heard this speech,
But up he started off his breech,
Leap'd from the dray in haste, and then
Gave two-pence to the brewer's men
To get a pint of stale, or strong,
Because they let him ride so long ;
Then, with a broomstick in each hand,
He bid the scamp'ring Trojans stand ;
Tells them, if now they box, they may
Run when they please another day,
And he'll run too as well as they.

When they heard this, the Trojans stout
With one consent all fac'd about,
And seem'd resolv'd to box it out :

The Greeks, who hop'd they'd all been gone,
Stared when they found 'em coming on,

Cock'd their wide jaws in great surprise,
And fain would disbelieve their eyes.
Both sides begin to fight it o'er,
As if they'd never fought before ;
Whilst in his passion, Atreus' son
Kept driving like a devil on,
And gave the Trojan sons of whores
Black eyes and broken pates by scores.

Hopkins and Sternhold, lend me aid
To tell what work this whore's-bird made ;
You, who king David's psalms were able
To write in verse so lamentable,
As made the fornicating king
Cry, when you meant to make him sing ;
Where he repents, indeed, most ably
You made him do it lamentably !
Help me to some of your rare pickings,
That I may sing Atrides' kickings,

That in re-mem-be-rance I may
Remain for ever and for aye :
Come on, old boys, and make it known
What shoals of scrubs he tumbled down,
And whether 'twas a peer or groom
That tasted first his stick of broom.

Iphidamas it prov'd, a swain-o
Got by Antenor on Theano,
Whose pasture being stock'd before
So hard that it would bear no more,
He thought it best to send the lad
To Clifeus, the mother's dad,
Who farm'd on lease a little place
Upon a bleak hill side in Thrace,
For which he paid the landlord clear
Three, or perhaps four, pounds a year.
For twenty years the good old rock
There fed him like a fighting-cock ;

And then, to use him to the strife
Man's born to bear, he for a wife
Gave him his daughter: but the boy,
Hearing of boxing-bouts at Troy,
Was seiz'd with such desire to fight,
He listed on his wedding night,
And left his wife, tho' thought a beauty,
Before he'd done an inch of duty;
By shipping to Percope went,
From thence by land to Troy was sent.
Thinking the time was now or never
For him to shew off something clever,
From out the foremost ranks he jumps,
Resolv'd to fight this king of trumps.
Atrides, who full well did know
That in the first good hearty blow
Lay often more than half the battle,
Let fly his broomstick with a rattle:

The Trojan stoop'd, and whiz it went,
But miss'd his nob, where it was meant.
The youth then with great fury puts
His cudgel 'cross the Grecian's guts,
Which stroke he had severely felt
But for his greasy currier's belt,
Tho' he so much of it did feel,
'Spite of his belt, it made him reel ;
But when recover'd from the shock,
He lent him such a rare hard knock
Upon his crag, the luckless chap
Fell down and took an endless nap.
His wife, that such a fortune brought,
Two cows, six sheep, and one ram goat,
Thought hers a mighty grievous lot,
When she a maidenhead had got,
Neatly dish'd up as hands could make it,
Ready for him to come and take it ;

But he, poor soul, was lying flat,
Whilst the Greek stole his coat and hat.

Coon his bro. was pretty near,
And vex'd to th' heart, a man may swear ;
It fill'd his liver with such sadness,
He roar'd and cried for very madness :
But tho' he wept full sore, we find
He did not weep himself quite blind ;
But when the Grecian did not 'spy him
He edg'd till he got pretty nigh him,
Then at the bully aim'd a knock,
Which gave his elbow such a shock,
It made his metal buttons jingle,
And both his wrist and fingers tingle.
The Greek was stunn'd, tho' not with fear,
But knew not, or to cry or swear ;
Then whilst poor Coon guards his brother,
And covers this side, then the other,

Damning the Grecian for a whelp,
And roaring like a man for help,
The wary Greek upon his crown
'Spy'd a soft spot, so knock'd him down—
Down with a bang he tumbled plump,
And lay across his brother's rump.

Atrides, now more furious grown,
Drives like a madman up and down,
Using all weapons, clubs, or sticks,
Old broken piss-pots, stones, and bricks—
In this condition on he blunder'd,
And lam'd or frighten'd half a hundred.
Whilst he perform'd these pranks, his arm
Continu'd tolerably warm ;
But when the blood began to settle,
And he was partly off his mettle,
The elbow stiffen'd with such pain
As made the bully grin again ;

Knave that are whipp'd for thieving cases
Could never coin such ugly faces.
With mighty pain and anguish fretting,
A dung-cart he was forc'd to get in :
But lest the foe should think he had cause,
He put a good face on a bad cause,
And bawls, O Grecian raggamuffins !
Stick stoutly to your kicks and cuffs !
I'll get a dram to ease my pain,
And in a twink be back again ;
Jove will no longer let me fight,
But slam me if 'tis aught but spite !

No sooner had he spoke, but smack
He heard the carter's whip go crack ;
And crack it might, as these old hacks
For twice three steps requir'd six cracks ;
Tho', by great luck, this Jehu got
His geldings smack'd into a trot ;

But as they both were touch'd i' th' wind,
They puff'd out clouds of smoke behind,
Whilst from their sides a lather run
Would almost fill a brewer's tun ;
At last, when tir'd, and almost spent,
They brought him to his ragged tent.

Hector look'd sharp, and quickly saw
This huffing, cuffing varlet go ;
Then to his Trojans and allies,
To raise their mettle, thus he cries :

Ye roaring blades, that scorn all fear,
Ye Dardans, and ye Lycians, hear !
Now is the time, boys, now or never,
Roar Wilkes and Liberty for ever !
Yon leader of the Scotch court cards,
Call'd the third regiment of guards,
Has got some mischief in the fray :
I saw the rascal run away :

Besides, Dame Iris from above
Brought me some compliments from Jove :
Hector, says she, you must not shrink,
But pay the varlets till they stink ;
Therefore you've nought to do but box,
I'll warm their jackets with a pox.

The valiant Hec. with such like speeches,
Forth from the bottom of their breeches
Pluck'd up their hearts as fast as could be,
And fairly plac'd 'em where they should be,
So the poor gard'ner cheers his dog
To seize and sowl his neighbour's hog,
Claps him o' th' back until he tears off
The ugly grunting pilfrer's ears off,
Boiling with rage, because the brute
Returns so oft to spoil his fruit :
Thus Hector bawls, nor that alone,
But is the first to lead 'em on ;

On the deep file with might doth pour,
Like a black heavy city shower,
Which clears the streets, and into shops
Drives painted whores and brainless fops,
With fury from the pantiles rolls
Drenches the signs and barbers' poles,
Washes each dirty stinking street,
And for an hour the town is sweet.

O Churchill's Muse ! for once assist,
Whilst humbly I draw out a list
Of those that fell by Hector's cudgel,
When Jove, who now-and-then doth judge ill,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Bestow'd on him a day of glory.
To 'scape him there appear'd but small hopes—
He smash'd Assæus first, then Dolops ;
Assæus was a great book-binder,
And Dolops was a razor-grinder.

Just then the noted woollen-draper,
Autonous, began to vapour,
But Hector quickly made him caper. }
He next began to grapple with
Opites, a great silver-smith ;
On his bread-basket such a thump
He lent him, down he tumbled plump.
Then flat as e'er you saw a flounder
He quickly fell'd the great bell-founder
Hipponous—as down he fell,
His noddle sounded like a bell.
Ophelthius next, a pastry-cook,
That made good pigeon-pie of rook,
Cut venison from Yorkshire hogs *,
And made rare mutton-pies of dogs,
From Hector's crab-tree stick of sticks
Got a reward for all rogue's tricks—

In Yorkshire they call fat sheep hogs.

His hard-bak'd head was finely whack'd,
The skin all bruis'd, and crust all crack'd.
Orus, who kept a noted inn
Full on the road from York to Lynn,
A chatt'ring whelp, just like an ape,
Got in a most confounded scrape ;
As Hector rapp'd the saucy dog's head,
It sounded like an empty hogshead.
Esymmus, a ship-biscuit baker,
Got pelted by this noddle-breaker—
His skull, as Hector's stick did whisk it,
Rattled just like a hard ship-biscuit.
Last the rope-maker, Agelau,
By a great knock upon his jaw,
Was sent to see his friends below ;
The Trojan's broomstick, unresisted,
His slender thread of life untwisted.

These, you must note, were no riff-raff,
But officers upon the staff:
As for your common country cousins,
He knock'd them down by pecks and dozens,
And, with a flourish of his stick,
Laid 'em all on their backs as quick
As gamblers thump their box and dice,
Or nitty taylors crack their lice.
Have you not seen a sort of twirlwind,
Which country people call a whirlwind,
Whip up a haycock from the ground,
And twist it round, and round, and round,
Whilst with their peepers fix'd in air,
And gaping mouths, the bumpkins stare?
Thus Hector whipp'd about, and soon
Kick'd up their heels, or knock'd 'em down.

And now had Greece been overturn'd,
And all their keels and scullers burn'd;

But sly Ulysses ran with speed
To call his neighbour Diomede :
Diom. says he, why, what the pox,
We'd better both be set i' th' stocks
Than stand and stare whilst Hector keeps
Smoking the Grecians upon heaps :
Let's meet this fav'rite of the gods :
We're two to one, and that's brave odds.
Says Diomede, You know, Ulysses,
I'll fight with any man : but this is
Another case; I've suffer'd evils
For boxing both with gods and devils ;
Jove helps this Hector from above,
And souse me if I'll box with Jove !
What boots it now, my friend, to stand,
If Jove won't lend a helping hand ?
'Tis striving without spades to dig,
And whistling to a stone-dead pig.

Then as he spoke he gave a sigh,
And whiz he let his broomstick fly;
It hit a purse-proud fellow's crown,
A Wapping lawyer of renown,
Thymbræus call'd, and fetch'd him down. }

Ulysses then, that cunning tartar,
Up with his club, and fell'd the carter.
When they had done this job of jobs,
They durst not stay to pick their fobs,
Hector was then so near them, they
Thought it was best to pop away.
Thus thieves, that wait the time to nick
When they can best your pockets pick,
Lurch till some bustle is begun,
Then run and thief, and thief and run.

Merops' two sons, a hopeful pair,
Were seated in a one-horse chair :

Their father carried once a pack
Of caps and stockings on his back—
An honest plodding Highland wight,
And therefore born with second sight :
From fighting he had warn'd the lads,
But yonkers seldom mind their dads ;
In spite of him these yonkers frisky
Went out and hired a timmy whisky ;
To his advice they paid no heed,
But drove to meet this Diomede,
Who, maugre all that they could do,
Drubb'd 'em, and pick'd their pockets too.

Ulysses smash'd Hypirochus,
And the rich Jew Hippodamus,
And made him rue he e'er did sally
From that great den of thieves, the Alley,
Where had he staid, he might have bit
A thousand honest people yet.

But Satan always doth forecast
To lead rogues into scrapes at last.

Whilst things went on at six and seven,
Jove smok'd a serious pipe in heaven,
And let old Cox's scales hang even ;
Nor did he seem a whit to care,
But let 'em scratch, fight dog fight bear.
On this the great Tydides strains out,
And knocks Agastrophus's brains out,
Who, busy fighting all the while,
Had left his cart above a mile ;
But when the honest Trojan saw
This bully Greek, he fled. Yet tho'
He ran as if the devil split him,
This blackguard rascal's broomstick hit him ;
Upon his wooden noddle falling,
It broke his skull, and laid him sprawling.

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Great Hector saw this fearful rout,
For he was looking sharp about :
As he moved on he loud did bawl,
And with him brought the devil and all,
A gang of downright Teagues, all rare men,
With bludgeons arm'd like Brentford chairmen

Brave Diomedé himself, who never
Was us'd to fear, now felt his liver,
Spite of his mighty courage, start,
And give a knock against his heart :
When thus he speaks—Ulysses, mind, .
A plaguy storm before the wind
Comes rolling on, and I conjecture
It can be nought but bully Hector,
Who throws about his pots and kettles,
As if his bum was stung with nettles :
Let us resolve in this here place
To meet the rascal's ugly face.

Just as he spoke, to keep his fame up,
He flung his stick as Hector came up,
Which lent the Trojan's leather cap
A most confounded banging rap,
Bruis'd it, and sliding up, did lop
A tarnish'd tassel from the top :
But by the care of sage Apollo
It happen'd no great harm did follow ;
Tho' 'twas so sound a knock it stunn'd him
So much, that Hector rather shunn'd him,
Mounted his cart, and whipp'd about
To try his luck another route.
Tydides shouts Huzza ! huzza !
The hec'ring Hector's run away !
Well doth Apollo pay that thief
For all his knuckle-bones of beef ;
If any witch would help a bit,
By G-d, I'd swinge that rascal yet !

But since he stoutly runs away for't,
I'll make his ragged scoundrels pay for't.
Then, tho' Agastrophus was dead,
He lent him t'other knock o' th' head,
To keep his hand in : now-and-then,
Like Falstaff, he could kill dead men.

Paris, the keeper of the fair,
Whose piece of brittle china ware
Had caus'd this rout, that wenching knave,
Was peeping from the well-known grave
Of Ilus, an old brown-bread baker,
Who being what we call a Quaker,
I' th' open fields his friends did leave him,
Because church-yards would not receive him—
Hearing this bully, what doth he
But whips behind a hollow tree,
And just as Diom. down did squat
To steal Agastrophus's hat,

Twang dang he let his arrow go off,
And almost knock'd the bully's toe off.
The rogue behind the hollow tree
Laugh'd till he split his sides, to see
The bully Grecian's odd grimaces,
He made such cursed ugly faces ;
Then from his ambush leaping out,
Diom. says he, you seem to pout,
As if you'd got the pox or gout :
I've hit, I find, the gouty part,
But wish I'd reach'd your pluck or heart ;
Then would our Trojan bloods be free
From dread of thy damn'd face and thee,
Who tremble at thy phiz and run,
Faster than Paddy from a dun.

Diom. was marching off, but stopping,
Replies, Ho ! ho ! Miss Frizzle Topping !
I thought when pop-gun arrows flew
It could be none but such as you,

Rogues that will boldly face a pox,
But dare as well be hang'd as box.
What signifies thy slender touch?
Our cook-maid Doll could do as much,
Or more; her nails will reach the marrow
As soon again as thy poor arrow.
But this good broomstaff ne'er flies waste,
As I one day will let thee taste;
Some Trojan gets, whene'er it goes,
A broken pate or bloody nose:
Whilst all their doxies, when they hear
My name, begin to scold and swear,
Because I'm sure where'er I come
To send their husbands limping home.

Whilst thus he prates, Ulysses, who
Was much concern'd for his great toe.
Pulls out the dart, and then doth pour in
What offer'd first, and that was urine

Then laid his patient in a cart,
And bid 'em drive him pretty smart.
Now, when this bully-back was gone,
Ulysses found himself alone ;
Whilst he was busy with the toe,
He never thought how things might go ;
But when the Trojans up did walk,
He with himself began some talk :
I shall be smash'd if here I stay,
And yet I dare not run away ;
For then they will not let me eat,
And I shall starve without my meat,
And soon be nought but skin and bone,
Like long Sir Thomas R——n.
Why should I longer then stand scrubbing ?
Starving is ten times worse than drubbing.
Whilst he was weighing thus the matter,
He heard the Trojan broomsticks clatter ;

Before this talk was done they found him,
And quickly made a circle round him.
Tho' his hard knocks did make 'em own
They'd better let his pate alone.
In Piccadilly thus I've seen
A drunken ragged scolding quean
By a large circle of the boys
Pursu'd with dirt, and mud, and noise :
Whilst she stands still, and only scolds,
Each hardy boy his station holds ;
But when or here or there she reels,
The yonkers nimbly trust their heels.
Just such another matter this is
Betwixt the Trojans and Ulysses ;
His cudgel first he level'd at
And laid the bold Deiopis flat,
A taller fellow and a fatter
You never saw, except the Hatter.

Next Ennomus, and Thoon too,
Dealers in stone and powder blue,
Felt what this sturdy Greek could do.
Chersidamas, a noted brewer,
Who in his time had poison'd fewer
Than any of the brewing trade,
Next on the clay-cold ground was laid ;
Across the guts Ulysses wip'd him,
And brew'd him up a stroke that grip'd him.
Charops, the son of old Hippases,
Who sold Scotch snuff and farthing laces
Under St. Dunstan's church, was nigh :
At him Ulysses soon let fly :
The broomstick quickly did his job,
And rung against his hollow-nob.
Soccus, his bro. a noted tanner,
And bailiff to the lord o' th' manor,
Was nigh, and saw this lurching whelp
Slinging his stick—so ran to help

His brother : but he found him tumbled ;
At which be sure his gizzard grumbled.
Curse your sly pate, says he, Ulysses !
You lousy lurching scoundrel, this is
One of your old damn'd roguish tricks,
This laming folks by flinging sticks :
But you shall fairly knock me down,
Or rot me but I'll crack your crown !
This said, his crabtree stick he long
Rattled about his ears ding-dong :
But the sly Grecian's nob, so thick,
Bid bold defiance to his stick ;
On which the Trojan chang'd his stroke,
And with a Highland flourish broke
Two of his ribs—when Pallas put
Her hand between, and sav'd his gut.
Ulysses, tho' with pain it fill'd him,
Was pretty sure he had not kill'd him ;

So drawing back a step or two,
Soccus, says he, I think 'tis now
My turn to have a knock at you ;
And for the stroke you've been so civil
To give, I'll send you to the devil.
Whilst he was laying forth the case,
He grinn'd with such an ugly face,
That Soccus really thought the elf
Had been Sir Beelzebub himself ;
Which scar'd him so, he durst not stay,
But whipp'd about and ran away.
The flying broomstick reach'd his back,
And fell'd him down with such a whack
Against a stone it cut his hat,
And beat his long sharp nose quite flat.
Then, as upon the ground they lay,
Ulysses thus was heard to say :

My Trojan friends, lie you two there
Till Christmas next, for aught I care ;
Your mam. will hardly hither pop,
Nor can your daddy leave his shop
To come your funeral to grace
With sable cloak, and crying face,
But leaves that task to coffin-makers,
Or rueful long-phizz'd undertakers.
Now, when I die, I know our vicar
Will make 'em bind my grave with wicker,
Where all my friends, if right I think,
Will drink and sob, and sob and drink.

Whilst he was jabb'ring in this strain,
His bruise began to give him pain ;
Then lifting up his dirty shirt,
He found he'd got a plaguy hurt,
And, the misfortune still to crown,
The Trojans saw his blood run down ;

Which made 'em press so close, the whelp
Ran stoutly now, and roar'd for help.
Thrice did Atrides hear him further
Than fifty furlongs roar out Murder !
On which the Spartan bully cried
To Ajax, who was at his side,
I'm sure that something much amiss is,
For Murder ! murder ! roars Ulysses ;
So wide his mouth would hardly gape
Where he not in some cursed scrape ;
To bring him off we both must run,
Else, by my soul, we're all undone !
For tho' he's strong, yet Ferdinando
Can do no more than one man can do ;
And if of him we are bereft,
There is but one good counsel left.
Tho' counsellors are understood
To do more harm thrice told than good,

Yet here the rule don't fully hold,
For he can box as well as scold :
But the damn'd knaves in Wranglers-Hall
Are good for nothing but to bawl ;
And when you kick 'em for their jaw,
They take the kicks, and take the law.

Then where the roaring came from they
With hasty strides direct their way ;
'Twas lucky they so soon did stickle,
For he was in a grievous pickle ;
The smell was potent where he stood—
'Tis an ill wind blows no man good ;
For by its help they nos'd him out,
Tho' compass'd by his foes about.
As yonkers at a country school,
When they've an heap of apples stole,
One youth, that he may fair divide,
Across the apples stands astride,

When lo the master, dreadful case !
Pops in his unexpected face ;
At his approach they scour away,
And leave the undivided prey ;
The pedant then asserts his claim,
And bears the apples to his dame :
Thus Ajax made 'em all run faster
Than the boys scamper'd from their master ;
For when the late-exulting foe
His huge enormous broomstick saw,
Who should get first away they strove,
And ran as if the devil drove.
On this great Menelaus pisses,
Then went to help his friend Ulysses,
And part by strength, and part by art,
Got him shov'd up into a cart ;
Whilst Ajax with his stick pursu'd
The flying, frighten'd, routed crowd,

Paid 'em about, but first begun
With Doryclus, old Priam's son,
A youth that often walk'd the Park
To pick up wenches in the dark.
Pandocus next he struck hap hazard,
And laid his stick across his mazzard
With so much force, it made his mouth ache,
And gave him a d—d fit o' th' tooth-ache.
The pimp at Haddock's bagnio,
Pyrasas, felt the next great blow ;
Ajax a swingeing broomstick threw,
That bruis'd his rump all black and blue,
Which paid the rascal well for pimping,
And sent him to his brothel limping.
Lysander next, an Irish broker,
A mettled fellow and a joker,
Met with this clumsy Grecian cock,
And got a most infernal knock,

Made him so sick, he fell to bokeing,
And for a twelvemonth spoil'd his joking,
Palertes last, a freeborn Troyman,
A noted jeweller and toyman,
Got tumbled down, whilst all his toys
Made a confounded clatt'ring noise.
Thus, when you 'gin to smell a stink,
You pump away to clear the sink,
A deluge issues through the grates,
And drives down rotten shrimps and sprats,
Tumbles the garbage o'er and o'er,
Till it has reach'd the common shore :
Just so before him as he rumbled
Both carts, and men, and horses tumbled.

Hector was to the left a mile,
Pelting the Grecians all the while,
Kicking the ragged sons of bitches
By dozens into muddy ditches :


There Nestor and the Cretan stood,
And stopp'd his kicking all they could :
But spite of them this furious loon
Kick'd the poor rogues like nine-pins down.
Paris, who rode Atrides' boot in,
Was practising the art of shooting,
That he might make his aim more certain
Than Wilkes himself, or even Martin,
Took opportunity i' th' nick
To lend the Grecian quack a prick :
The arrow made his shoulder smack,
And the Greeks trembled for their quack.
The Cretan then to Nestor spoke :
Come here, old weather-beaten rock,
I've better business far for you
Than aught you can by boxing do ;
Go take your higler's cart, and lay on
The wounded doctor, Don Machaon,

And drive him off ; if he is lost,
We all may feel it to our cost :
You know it well, nor you alone,
He cures more kinds of wounds than one ;
And but for his great skill, you know
You had been rotten long ago.
Nestor obeys, and sans delay
Convey'd the wounded quack away,
And with an almost fire-new thong
Dusted his raw-bon'd tits along ;
And as his geldings lamely tripp'd,
He whipp'd and cough'd, and cough'd and whipp'd.

Now Hector's carter, who could see
Above as far again as he,
Looking the Trojan files along,
Soon saw where things were going wrong :
Whilst here we fight genteel and civil,
Quoth he, there's Ajax plays the devil ;

Mind how the bully swears and curses,
And oversets both carts and horses ;
I know the whelp by one sure sign,
His fist's as big as three of mine.
Then let's be jogging to assist
Our friends to 'scape his mutton fist,
Else, by our mighty Trojan founders !
He'll lay 'em all as flat as flounders.
He said no more, but quickly got
His geldings smack'd into a trot ;
O'er legs and arms he drove so smart,
He sprink'd the foot-board of the cart,
And daub'd it rarely with the stains
Of blood and mud, and guts and brains,
Which fill'd the axle-tree so full
The horses had a far worse pull
Than if they'd lugg'd a brewer's dray,
Or country waggon full of hay.

The Grecians thought by standing close
To keep him out : but such a dose
With his oak stick the Trojan gave 'em,
They trusted to their heels to save 'em ;
Whilst he their sides so nimbly switch'd,
They thought the fellow was bewitch'd.
Then from his cart he ply'd 'em thick,
With first a broomstick, then a brick,
And fell'd 'em down with just such knocks
As bumkins lend their Shrovetide cocks,
Flinging his sticks at such a rate,
He always broke a leg or pate.
By such hard knocks as these he made
The Greeks so horribly afraid,
That they employ'd their utmost might in
Running away, instead of fighting ;
And Ajax felt such queerish twitches,
His courage jump'd into his breeches :



He therefore found, when folks begun for't,
His own thick legs dispos'd to run for't;
But taking care that none should say
Great Ajax ran, he walk'd away,
And, lest they should his rear attack,
He kept a constant peeping back.
Thus on an evening have I seen,
With pious face on Bethnal-Green,
An inspir'd cobbler mount a tub,
And preach to ev'ry ragged scrub :
Tho' dirt and rotten eggs flew round,
Yet inspiration kept his ground,
Nor, till he'd preach'd his sermon out,
Would stir a step, and then did do't
With as much gravity as if
To be inspir'd was to be stiff :
Thus heavy Ajax bore the cuffings
Of all the Trojan raggamuffins,

And walk'd as slow as if he'd been
The preaching cobbler of the Green :
In Spanish strides his knees he bent,
And grumbled all the way he went.
Thus have I seen a sand-cart ass
Devour a farmer's clover grass :
The farmer, with his wife and man,
To drive him out do all they can;
But tho' they pour a heavy tide
Of rattling hedgestakes on his side,
The beast, as patient as he's dull,
Eats till he crams his belly full,
And then, insensible of pain,
Deliberately walks off again.
Whilst Ajax strutted off demurely,
The Trojans bang'd his potlid purely ;
Sometimes he turn'd about to swear
He'd break their bones if they came near ;

Then march'd away, but as he trod
Threaten'd them with an angry nod ;
Whilst they, to keep up this queer battle
With brickbats made his potlid rattle.

Euripylus, who saw them skelp him,
Resolv'd at any rate to help him,
And did his knotty broomstaff lay on
The Trojan hosier, Apisaon,
Whose nob he lent a knock that broke it,
At which he ran to pick his pocket.
Paris was ever on the watch
These low pick-pocket rogues to catch ;
He hated all such dirty jobs,
As stealing hats, and picking fobs :
Not but the dog himself, 'twas said,
Would oft pick up—a maiden-head,
But then he thought no sin lay there,
Because 'twas perishable ware ;

In other things he was in truth
A very good church-going youth,
Of th' catechize could read some part,
And say the whole Lord's prayer by heart—
He saw this pilf'ring Grecian lout
Turn Apisaon's pockets out ;
On which he let an arrow fly,
That tore his breeks, and cut his thigh,
Made the rogue sweat and grin with pain,
And sent him hobbling back again.
But yet before he stirr'd one bit,
He made a speech ; and this is it ;
O Greeks, I fear your courage fails ye,
In God's name, what the devil ails ye ?
I've left poor Ajax in a sweat ;
And if you do not quickly get
To his assistance, I'll be shot
But his hard nob must go to pot !

The Trojans do so sorely pelt,
That if his potlid and his belt
Did not secure his rump so gummy,
His buttocks must be thrash'd to mummy:
And if you could but see 'em now,
I'll answer for't they're black and blue !
For God's sake, neighbours, run and help him,
You'd wonder how the rascals skelp him.

Whilst he was speaking, from the rout
About a dozen fellows stout }
Took heart of grace, and ventured out ;
Some held their leathern potlids o'er him,
And others clapp'd their staves before him.
Whilst thus their fainting friend they shroud,
Ajax struts up and joins the crowd ;
Then on a sudden, growing stout,
He puff'd his cheeks, and fac'd about.

Thus things went on, and all the while
Nestor had jerk'd his tits a mile,
And with a wondrous deal of flogging
Made a hard shift to keep them jogging;
Smoking with sweat, amidst the throng,
They lugg'd the wounded quack along.
Just then Achilles, as 'tis said,
Was sitting at the main-mast head,
From whence he saw the Greeks all spent,
And cudgel'd to their hearts' content;
With joy he saw the Trojans lay on
The bones of all, except Machaon.
As for the doctor, 'cause that he
Once cur'd him of a gonorrhæ,
Besides a hoarseness and a pthisic,
And charg'd but eighteen-pence for physic,
He therefore felt a little touch
Of pity, tho' it was not much;

When, casting down his eyes below,
Patroclus working hard he saw
Mending an old blue rusty jacket
So torn he'd much ado to tack it ;
On which he to his chum below
Roars out, Halloo, my buff, halloo !

Patroclus then bugan to lug
From his left jaw a fine large plug,
Then clear'd his throat, and spit and cough'd,
And halloo'd out : Who calls aloft ?
Stop, avast * heaving ; is it you ?
What have you got for me to do ?
Whate'er you want by sea or land,
Keel-haul me but I'll lend a hand !

Achilles thus : Through various rubs
We two have long been loving scrubs !
With joy my very heart doth tickle
To find the Greeks in such a pickle !

* A sea-term.

Tho' their chub-headed chief did flout me,
I knew they could not do without me ;
Soon they'll be here with sobs and moans,
And down upon their marrow-bones.

But I want you, my chum, to go
To Nestor's oyster-boat, to know
What made him flog his founder'd cattle
In such a splutter from the battle,
And if he did not lug some cock
Whose pate or ribs had got a knock.

I fear it is our trusty quack ;
But I could only see his back,
Nor for my blood and guts could I
A corner of his face espy,
(Tho' I with all my eyes did look)
The horses did so puff and smoke.

Patroclus then shook off his fleas,
And button'd both his breeches-knees,

Fetch'd his best hat, and then did scour—
But in a sad unlucky hour,
In a curs'd minute was he sent,
For Hector made him soon repent.
Howe'er that be, through all the throng
Of boats and huts he popp'd along,
And soon the queer old Grecian met,
Just 'lighted in a reeking sweat.
Eurymedon with care and art
Unloos'd his horses from the cart ;
Nestor, who was confounded hot
With flogging, had a dishclout got,
Which serv'd to wipe his greasy face :
And ere he put it in its place,
Close by the wounded quack he stood,
And wip'd away both sweat and blood ;
Then gap'd a while to catch a breeze
Was coming fresh from off the seas ;

But staid not long before they went
To seek for shelter in the tent.
Nestor then order'd Hecomedes,
A red-hair'd wench of royal breed,
(Which Greece to give th' old cock agreed,
To keep of girls his slender stock up,
And use when he could wind his clock up)
Without delay to fetch a cup,
And make a cooling mixture up.
But first this handmaid held it meet
Before they drank to make 'em eat,
So spread a table with blue feet
Made of good fir, which he had bought
In Broker's-Alley for a groat ;
Whereon she plac'd a spanking dish,
Then fill'd it full, but not with fish ;
Of better stuff she pour'd a flood in,
And that was smoking hasty pudding ;

With this she mix'd, for this old coney-
Catcher, an honest pint of honey,
Then rubb'd a salted garlic head
Upon a mouldy crust of bread,
This done, a bowl that formerly
Belong'd the taylors' company,
And giv'n th' old Greek for his advice
'Bout cabbage, cucumbers, and lice,
Matters of great concern and weight
To this large body corporate
Of cross-legg'd thieves, who earn their bread
By buckram, staytapes, silk, and thread ;
To make it fine the taylors' beadles
Had stuck it full of ends of needles.
Now you must know this bowl of wood
Upon a pair of cross-legs stood ;
About a dozen wooden pegs
Fasten'd this pair of bandy legs ;

Four handles did the sides adorn,
Two made of wood and two of horn ;
(Two out of four of horn were made,
To shew the fate of half the trade) ;
O' th' top of each of which a pair
Of heads resembling snipes did stare,
With beaks so sharp, in many a case
Of bodkins they supply'd the place.
Three quarts it held and yet when full
Could this old soaker at a pull
Drink it half off and never sob ;
But few with him could bear a bob.
This bowl the nymph of high degree,
As handsome as a cook should be,
Fill'd with the drink of which I boasted,
Rare Yorkshire ale with apples roasted.
This for the quack did she prepare ;
But Nestor got the better share :

'Twould do you good to see the pull
Th' old soaker took of this lamb's-wool* ;
And all his life he did forecast,
To get the first tip and the last.

Their thirst being partly quench'd, they chatter
Of this and that, and t'other matter ;
And tho' Patroclus now drew near,
They made such din they could not hear
Nor see him, till he did present
His proper self before the tent.

Nestor then starting makes a stir,
And cries, your humble servant, sir !
I'm mighty glad to see you here,
Please to walk in and take a chair.

Patroclus thus : I cannot sit,
But with your leave will stand a bit ;
For I have heard my granny say,
That whilst you stand, you do not stay.

* Ale with roasted apples in it is called lamb's-wool.

Achilles saw your cart go past,
And therefore sent me out post haste
To learn what Grecian your old cattle
Were lugging from the field of battle ;
But to my grief I plainly view,
Old friend Machaon, it was you.
I know, altho' I am no wizard,
Achilles will be vex'd to th' gizzard,
To find your nags came puffing with
Our bold and learned p—— smith :
This news however I will carry
With speed, so ask me not to tarry,
I'll tell him what I see and hear ;
But if I stay, you know he'll swear.

Nestor replies : I fear Achilles
In a d—'d sulky humour still is :
But if he really asks about us,
And did not send you here to flout us,

I'll tell you all, for this misfortune
Is nought to what's behind the curtain.
This learned skilful doctor's not
The only hero that has got
A broken shin or kick o' th' a— :
But many a fierce-look'd son of Mars
As bold as Major Sturgeon's fled
To cure a broken shin or head.
Nay several bruisers, men of note,
Have got their teeth knock'd down their throat;
Ulysses has got such a stroke
That half his ribs are almost broke,
And some damn'd heavy-footed foe
Has trod upon poor Diom's toe ;
Besides; the blood by gallons flows
From great Eurypylus's nose.
But whether we are drubb'd or not,
Achilles doth not mind a jot ;

Nay, should the Trojans burn our fleet,
I reckon he'll be glad to see't :
Greek after Greek gets rapp'd o' th' knuckles,
Whilst he sits still and grins and chuckles.
The devil fetch old Time, I say,
For stealing all my strength away !
O ! that I was but half as strong
As when I drove the world along !
From Elis fetch'd a roaring bull,
And crack'd their general's thick skull ;
Then drove th' Epeans all like thunder,
And got the Lord knows what of plunder ;
Their herds of sheep when we did meet 'em,
We very seldom fail'd to eat 'em ;
Then stole their breeding mares, all big
With foal, and many a goat and pig.
These things I did when but a boy,
And made my daddy jump for joy.

Elis, thus basted, hung their ears,
And grumbling paid their old arrears ;
And Pylian knights, so special poor
They turn'd a farthing three times o'er
Before it went, now found their breeches
Pockets too shallow for their riches,
When Elis first came out to dare us,
They thought they easily could scare us,
Because one Hercules, a bully,
Had almost done our business fully :
Twelve lads my father got, and he
Demolish'd ev'ry soul but me.
Howe'er, we ventur'd out to kick 'em,
Resolv'd to lose our lives, or lick 'em ;
Which, 'faith ! we did, and made 'em glad
To give to my old crusty dad
Three dozen ewes—they ow'd him that
For cheating him o' th' gold-lac'd hat

Which he had won at May-Day fair
By proving the best cudgel-player ;
Both his lac'd hat and cudgel too
The constable detain'd, but now
We made the rogues severely rue.
What more we got, myself dealt out
Amongst our jolly boys so stout.
But in three days they came again,
Both horses, carts, and drunken men.
Old Actor's sons, two bullying roysters,
Whose mother sells fine Welflit oysters
Under a bulk in Drury-lane—
These bastards led this drunken train.
Thryoessa, a pretty village,
Not fam'd, as you may think, for tillage,
Because upon a rock it lay,
Was the last place we had that way ;
That little town, if you'll enquire,
Ended the bound of Pylos' shire :

'Twas there the rascals came to see us,
And cross'd a dyke they call Alpheus ;
But Pallas came one foggy night,
Turn out, says she, my boys, and fight.
On which with speed we left our rock,
And march'd to give the dogs a knock.
I first got ready ; but my dad,
Afraid lest they should hurt his lad,
Lock'd up my boots and jacket too,
And d—d his eyes if I should go !
But wilful I resolv'd to do't,
So tramp'd it all the way on foot.
By Minyas stream we push'd the bowl,
Whilst we look'd o'er the muster-roll ;
And long before the day begun
All got their buff skin doublets on,
Except myself, for I had none :
And all our bucks were cloth'd so bare,
Not one had got a coat to spare—

Then trudg'd it to the very border
Of Alpheus stream in train-band order.
Quickly, to set all right above,
We cook'd a dinner up for Jove,
Of something very good and hot,
Tho' what it was I've quite forgot :
Minerva had a dinner too,
The udder of a rare old cow :
Alpheus came a meal to seek,
For him we stew'd a fine bull's cheek.
Neptune, we knew, was stall'd with fish,
We therefore cook'd him up a dish
Of lean bull beef with cabbage fried,
And a full pot of beer beside :
Bubble *, they call this dish, and squeak ;
Our taylors dine on't thrice a week.

* Fried beef and cabbage is a dish so well known by the name of bubble-and-squeak in town, that it is only for the sake of my country readers I insert this note.

By th' water-side the men all kept,
And in their buff skin doublets slept,
All but poor me; but here I had
Borrow'd an itchy lousy plaid
Of a Scotch loon, from whom I bought
A rare good neckcloth for a groat—
Those plaids are special things to watch in,
They keep a man so warm with scratching.
Th' Epeans, with their loins all bound
In carriers' belts, our town surround.
Soon as the red-fac'd fiery Sun
Had curl'd his whiskers, and begun
To look about him, we to battle
March'd out, and made their noddles rattle.
And now I box'd it in my waistcoat,
Better than some that had a lac'd coat:
King Augeas' son I tumbled down,
And with a thumping knock o' th' crown,

Gave a confounded broken head
To this great spouse of Agamede,
A girl so skilful, that she knew,
Amongst all kind of herbs that grew,
None made such bitter drink as rue.
I seiz'd his cart when he was down,
And swore I'd keep it for my own.
My men huzza'd as I led on,
And made the drunken scoundrels run.
Just like a whirlwind which in town
Drives butchers' stalls and green-shops down.
I smok'd the rogues, my cudgel maul'd 'em,
And my sharp-pointed broomshaft gall'd 'em;
Full fifty carts that day I took—
'Tis true, my friends ! for all you look
As much surpris'd as if that I,
Like statesmen, had a mind to try
To hum you with a thund'ring lie.

Now you must know each cart I got
Contain'd two bully-backs of note—
None of your wishy-washy sparks,
Attorneys' hacks and lawyers' clerks ;
But farmers' sons, rare strong-back'd youths,
With mutton-fists and flounder mouths :
But when we came to a dispute,
I kick'd the wide mouth'd scoundrels out.
Two in each cart, you say ? Why then
You must have kick'd a hundred men
Out of their carts that day ?—'Tis true, sir,
I've men alive will vouch it now, sir !
And Actor's sons, I would, as surely
As you stand there, have drubb'd 'em purely ;
But Neptune saw the whole, and tried
With all his speed to take their side,
Because the mother of those roysters
Was a good customer for oysters.—

To save their bacon, what doth he
But pops a cloud 'twixt them and me,
So thick, one mouthful did I'm sure
Make me stand coughing half an hour !
And there you might have seen me stuck up,
Boaking as if I'd bring my pluck up :
And would have given any money
For Doctor Hill's balsamic honey.
But still I drove the rest in flocks
As far as the Olinian rocks :
Then, where Aliseum's waters drop,
Pallas call'd out, Plague on you ! stop.
When you begin to kick and cuff,
You know not when you've done enough.
Yet even there I came i' th' nick
To lend the last a hearty kick :
Smite both my eyes ! I scorn to puff,
But here 'twas I that work'd their buff !

· On my strong toe this fray depended,
Nestor began, and Nestor ended.
Our parsons then, to crown this job,
Order'd long prayers to hum the mob
At Pyle; where the folks, d'ye see,
Thank'd Madam Pallas first, then me.
Thus, when a cub, my blood took fire,
And made me box it for my shire:
The passion of this chum of yours
Has kick'd his reason out of doors;
When they have sent us to the devil,
Who values then his being civil,
Unless the bully will agree
To hang himself for company?
The day I ever shall remember,
I think 'twas some time in December,
And blow'd a mack'rel gale, when we
To muster soldiers put to sea;

I and Ulysses landed where
His father kept the Old Black Bear ;
We found him with his handmaid Nelly,
Preparing timber for the belly.
A bull upon a spit he puts,
And gave to whoring Jove the guts.
Thy good old dad and thee were turning
The spit, to keep the meat from burning ;
Achilles help'd to bear a bob,
For troth it was a warmish job ;
He was the first of all to 'spy us,
And made a leg as he came nigh us,
Told us, if we would pick a bit,
He'd cut a slice from off the spit.
We neither of us were so nice
As stay to be entreated twice ;
After twelve pots were fairly out
We mention'd what we came about.

Strong beer will oft make men, you know,
As loving as a Trinculo,
'Twas so with you two bucks, you kiss'd us,
And swore by Jove you would assist us:
Your dads spake words worth tons of gold;
Old Peleus said, My son, be bold!
I've heard a fellow talk an hour
In Stephen's chapel, yet I'm sure,
Nay, on occasion I would swear it,
He did not say so much, or near it.
Your father's speech was rather longer;
Quoth he, Tho' Peleus' son be stronger,
And for his mother had a witch,
Yet when upon too high a pitch
He raves and swears, mind you and cool him,
And then you easily may rule him.
Thus spake your dad; but you, I find,
Have quite forgot, or else don't mind;

Tho', if you will but try, you may
(A will can always find a way)
Persuade him to assist us now,
I know he'll do a deal for you :
But if some fortune-telling witch,
Some long-chinn'd, long-nos'd, ugly bitch
Of Mother Shipton's breed, has made
His mighty heart and pluck afraid,
Tell him, Troy's rogues will change their note,
If he'll but lend you his great coat.
Put on his bear-skin coat, and meet 'em,
If they don't run, by G— I'll eat 'em !
Back to their village will they scamper,
Nor longer thus our Grecians hamper ;
Each man his own dear self will mind most,
And bid the devil take the hindmost.

At hearing of this doleful ditty
The bold Thessalian, touch'd with pity,

Like a lamp-lighter, o'er the plain
Ran back with all his might and main.
It happen'd, as he cross'd a place
Where Cox, a justice of the peace,
Was sending little whores to jail
For want of pence as well as bail,
Just where Ulysses' cock-boats lay,
From whence, a very little way,
Their jolly parsons us'd to pray,
Eurypylus he chanc'd to spy,
As the great chief came hopping by,
With a sad prick upon his thigh,
Which gave the Greek such grievous pain,
It made him sweat and smoke again :
But I would have it understood,
Tho' he look'd blue, his heart was good.
Patroclus could not help from crying
To see him limp along ; when, sighing,

He thus begins : Now, by my soul,
You've got into a damn'd bad hole !
In an ill day ye sure set out,
To get so drubb'd and kick'd about !
But say, my friend, how matters stand ;
Doth Hector hold his heavy hand,
Or still bestir his wooden sabre,
And all your backs and sides belabour ?

The chief replies, and faintly reels,
This day shall Greece kick up her heels ;
Greece, like Britannia, ends her glories,
And loyal whigs give way to tories ;
The hearts of oak that led us on,
All black and blue on board are gone,
Where Hector in the shape of Ch-t-m
Swears by his crutches he'll be at 'em—

Rather than disoblige L—d B—,
He took an oath last night he'd do't,
In spite of conscience, pox, or gout.
But I could wish that you, my friend,
At this sore pinch a hand would lend
To find the point of this curs'd arrow !
But borrow first the butcher's barrow,
And wheel me to my lodgings, where
I've got all sorts of quak'ry geer,
And ev'ry kind of ointment which
Are good for scabs, or burns, or itch—
You best know what, because they say
You serv'd three year to Surgeon Gray,
And then thought fit to run away.
Surgeons of note we have but two,
And one is boxing hard just now ;

The other by the Trojan rout
Has almost got his eyes knock'd out.

Patroclus thus replies : My friend,
God knows where this strange work will end,
For ev'ry drunken rogue can splutter ill
'Bout Wilkes and Glynn, and Bute and Luttrell
I brought a message to our grandsire,
And was returning with his answer
To great Achilles ; but although
He's an impatient whelp, you know,
Before I'll leave you in the mud,
I'll let him swear till swearing's good.

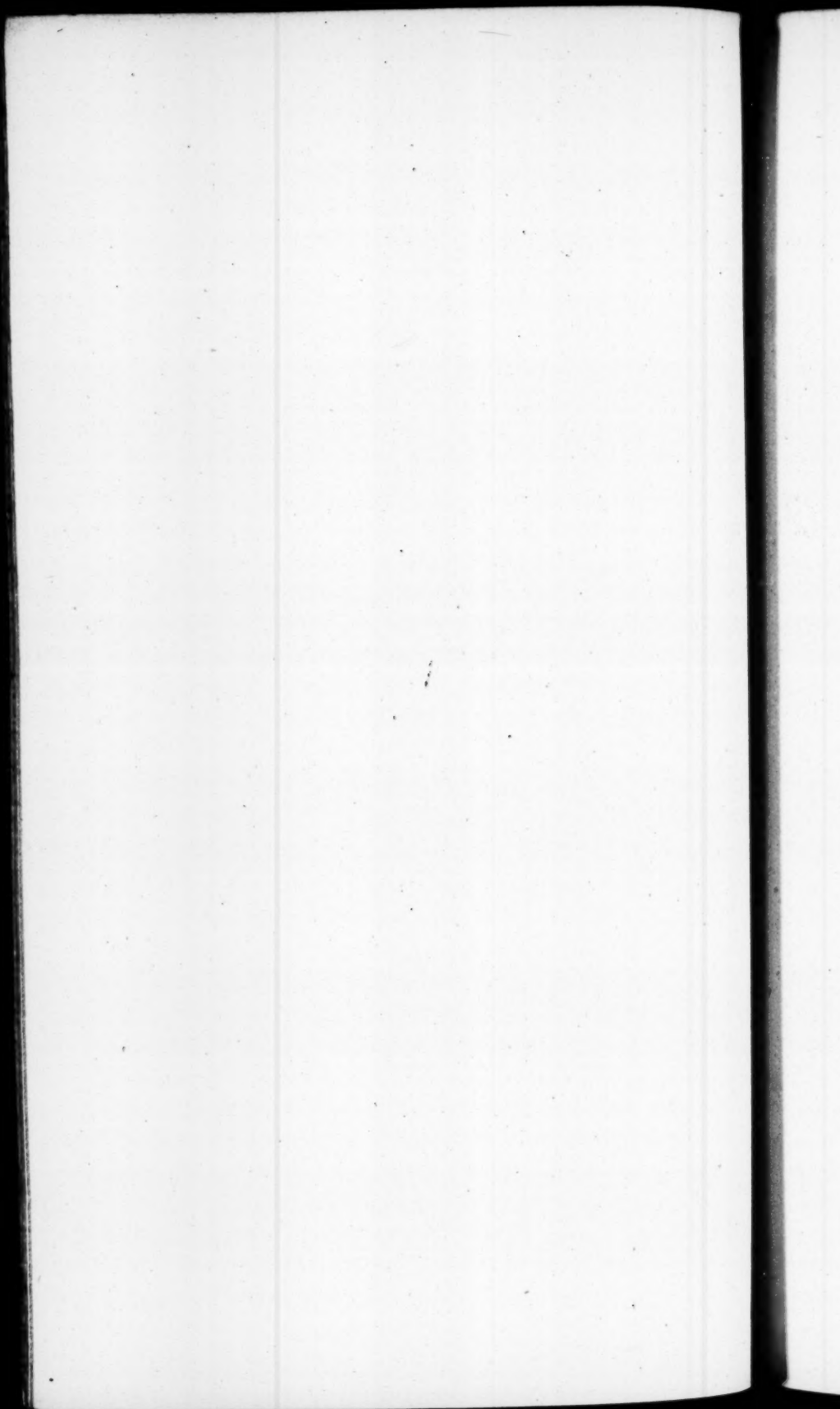
Then, though it made his sinew's crack,
He took the bully on his back.
His handmaid spied him from the boats,
Riding just like a sack of oats :

Guessing he'd got a broken head,
Or some d—d kick o' th' guts, she spread }
An old cow's hide upon his bed.

Patroclus then with very narrow
Inspection found the point o' th' arrow,
Which he pull'd out as soon as found,
And, making water in the wound
Wrapp'd an old clout a little greasy
About the thigh, and left him easy.

END OF BOOK XI.

THE TWELFTH BOOK
OF
HOMER'S ILIAD.



ARGUMENT.

THE Grecian curl'd and knotty pates
Are driv'n behind their shabby gates.
Hector comes on in furious haste
Their mangey sides and ribs to baste ;
But on a sudden as he goes,
Finds a small ditch across his nose ;
On which Polydamas roars out,
Tho' carts and horses cannot do't, }
On foot we'll quickly rumble through't ; }
For though what horses we have got
Can leap, we're sure the carts cannot.
This counsel, thought it did not cost
A single tester, was not lost ;
Both cut and long-tail, black and grey,
With all their carts they sent away ;
Then fell by th' ears, when to their view
Appear'd a long-legg'd heron-sue
That sh— an 'eel : at this dread sight
Polydamas, in woeful fright,
Comes to his brother Hector puffing,
And begg'd him to give over cuffing.
Hector, resolv'd to make 'em feel,
Damn'd both the heron-sue and eel ;
And since he's got so far, he swears
He'll pull their wall about their ears.
Sarpedon too made dismal rout,
And threw their hedging-stakes about ;

Pulling them from the wall so fast,
He made a swingeing gap at last:
Then Hector takes him up a stone,
Such as our miles are mark'd upon,
Or rather less, with this he batters
Their gates, and breaks them all to shatters ;
Then rushing forward dusts their coats,
And drives them all on board their boats.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

NOW whilst Patroclus play'd the quack,
The mob each other's bones did thwack,
Gave and receiv'd confounded raps
With many a dowsing slap o' th' chaps.
On Childermas, a luckless day,
Their shabby wall of mud, they say,
Was rais'd, which made it soon give way. }
But Homer had a better reason,
Why it would hardly last a season :

They hurried so to get it up,
They did not kill a single tup,
Or bull, or cow, to give their pack
Of wooden gods a little snack :
This made their hungry parsons grumble,
And swear by G-d the wall would tumble ;
And such a case, I'm pretty clear,
Would make a Christian parson swear—
When people cease their gods to serve,
The jolly priests of course must starve.
For far less crimes the bulls of Rome
Have kick'd and scar'd all Christendom ;
To every age and every station
Roaring perdition and damnation ;
And had not one Sir Luther Martin
Found that their roaring was but farting,
To this good day our empty skulls
Had been humbugg'd by Peter's bulls.

They say, if God don't build the house,
Your labour is not worth a louse ;
But if he builds, we surely then
Should keep, and pay, his journeymen.
His journeymen ! Pray who are they,
That we must keep as well as pay ?
Why, reverend priests, you head of cod !
They are the journeymen of God :
And rare good journeymen they make,
All kinds of work they undertake ;
For, be it spoken to their praise,
They'll do their duty twenty ways ;
And, rather than they'll live in strife,
Will do your duty for your wife :
In short, a well-taught priest will try
To finger ev'ry mutton pye.
Howe'er, in spite of all their swearings,
This wall, till they were dead as herrings,

Stood on its legs, though thump'd about,
And liv'd to see both parties out.
But when the Trojan bones were rotten,
And all the Grecian rogues forgotten,
The neighb'ring streams did all they could
To undermine these walls of mud :
Their names were Rhesus and Scamander,
On which swam many a goose and gander ;
Æsepus and Heptaporus,
With Simois and Grenicus ;
Caresus full of guts and blood,
And Rhesus black with kennel mud :
They say, Apollo muster'd all
These streams to tumble down this wall ;
And lest their labour should be vain,
Jove sent a thund'ring shower of rain ;
Then Neptune seiz'd the time to work,
And play'd the devil with his fork,

Threw all the dirt about and sticks,
Old broken pots, and ends of bricks ;
And, like our bumpkins spreading dung,
The mud and stones about he flung
So dextrously, he laid the shore
As level as it was before ;
(Which made th' next generation swear,
The de'll a wall had e'er been there ;
But Homer knew there was, and I
Am sure th' old fellow scorn'd to lie).
And now the rivers fac'd about
To find their ancient currents out ;
Some to cross vales and drain out bogs,
Others to wash the sties of hogs.
But this would be some other term,
As yet it stood secure and firm ;
Nor had the Trojans done it hurt,
Tho' they kept pelting stones and dirt ;

And half the Greeks in woeful fright
Durst not so much as tarry by't :
For, thinking Hector very soon
Would knock their crazy bulwarks down,
And, not content to overturn 'em,
Go stave their rotten boats, or burn 'em,
The better half of these bold fighters
Ran like bewitch'd to launch their lighters.
For an excuse the cowards all
Swore Jove had had so great a call
For courage all that week, his store
Could not produce a spoonful more
To help the luckless Greeks this bout,
And their own brandy-cask was out.
Pale Fear, when brandy did not back 'em,
Was always ready to attack 'em ;
Which now she did in Hector's shape,
And made the varlets run and gape ;

For, just as school-boys kick a ball,
This furious Trojan kick'd 'em all :
Like a mad ox * from Smithfield driven
By butcher's scoundrels, John and Stephen,
That gores and tosses in the air
The blind and lame that can't get clear.
Thus ev'ry Greek that wanted cunning,
Or heels to save himself by running,
Hector belabour'd with his switch,
Or kick'd him quite across the ditch :
But when the Trojans reach'd the side
Of this great ditch, full three feet wide,
It made a shift to stop their courses ;
Ditches won't do for carts and horses.

* I have heard this evil would long ago have been put
a stop to, and beasts not suffered to be driven through
the city ; but it was apprehended it would breed great con-
fusion to take the freedom of the city from horned cattle.

The wise Polydamas soon saw
The cart tits could no further go,
So cock'd his mouth, and cry'd Halloo,
Hip, brother Hector, hark, a word !
This ditch will stop us, by the Lord !
Unless with one consent we 'light,
And boldly march on foot to fight ;
Therefore do you, and ev'ry friend
That came a helping hand to lend,
To this my good advice attend :
Our tits can do no more, I think,
Than bring us to the very brink
Where now we stand ; but if we make 'em
Attempt to leap, 'tis odds we stake 'em
Upon a plaguy ugly row
Of bakers' billets there below :
Besides, betwixt the ditch and wall
There is no room for carts and all,

Tho' the great thund'rer Jove this bout
Has help'd the Trojans rarely out,
And made the Grecians fight so tardy,
Don't let it make our nobs fool-hardy.
If he these varlets will demolish,
And all their sweaty race abolish,
The only wish that I can lend 'em
Is, that he'll let the devil mend 'em :
But should they see us in this job
Crowded just like an English mob,
Where we can neither fight nor run,
They'd smash us ev'ry mother's son ;
Nor would the rogues one Trojan spare
To tell the world what fools we were.
Then gape with great attention, pray,
And swallow ev'ry word I say.
We must, to make these rascals mind us,
Send all our nags and carts behind us ;

When Hector leads us on a-foot,
The odds are six to one we do't:
This is the only way to get 'em,
And this good day, please God, we'll sweat 'em.

Hector was pleas'd within his heart
With this advice ; so left his cart,
Jump'd on the ground with such a bang,
It made his metal buttons twang ;
Which when the other bloods did see,
They all jump'd down as well as he,
And bid their drunken carters file off,
And wait i' th' rear about a mile off ;
Then into five good sturdy packs
Divided all their bully backs.
The first, a race of bucks to stand by
Were headed by the Trojan Granby,
Call'd Hector in the Greek ; he was
Assisted by Polydamas,

And bold Cebriones, a wight
Could drive a cart as well as fight.
The second, and a sturdy band,
The whoring Paris did command :
Alcathous lent this varlet help,
And bold Agenor join'd the whelp.
The third obey'd two sons of Priam,
Fellows almost as tall as I am ;
Deiphobus, a mighty Sir,
And Helenus, a conjurer ;
To whom was added Asius,
A fiery buck from Hyrtacus ;
His geldings were a yellow dun,
But better cart-tits never run.
Antenor's sons the fourth obey'd,
Join'd with that presbyterian blade
Pious Eneas, who, they say,
Could stoutly box as well as pray ;

Which none will wonder at, that hears
He serv'd Old Noll in all his wars,
Whose rogues, unlike our modern dull dogs,
Could pray like saints, and fight like bull-dogs.
The last tough band was drove with speed on
By a bold fellow call'd Sarpedon,
A Lycian country 'squire, whose hounds
Had almost eaten up his grounds,
Which made him venture in this fray,
Like some of our militia, }
To box for honour and for pay.
Glaucus did help to guide this crew,
And bold Asteropæus too—
Two bucks as bold as bold could be—
But he was boldest of the three.
Each hardy Trojan as he goes
Holds up his potlid o'er his nose,

For fear he might in this tough bout
Get one or both his eyes knock'd out.
Thus they proceed thro' mud and mire,
Spurr'd onward with a keen desire
To set the Grecian boats on fire ;
Certain their hopes will now be crown'd
To see the scoundrels burnt or drown'd.

Whilst thus the Trojans, sans delay,
Their leader's good advice obey,
The huff-bluff Asius kept his dray,
And drove his tits along the plain,
But never brought 'em back again.
No more this giddy headstrong boy
Je-up'd his yellow duns to Troy ;
But, when he reach'd the other side,
Idomeneus drubb'd his hide.
Now to the left he smok'd along,
Amidst a motley Grecian throng

Of rogues, that made confounded skips
To reach their rotten boats and ships :
None look behind to help their mates,
But dart like lightning through the gates.
As rabbits pop into their holes
When dogs disturb 'em, so in shoals
The Greeks forsook each brake and thicket,
And popp'd their noddles through the wicket:
When they were there, the better half
Could hardly think they yet were safe.
Thither this hair-brain'd hero flew
With his mad, roaring, ranting crew,
In wondrous hopes the Greeks to souse,
Hopes that turn'd out not worth a louse.
Two bloods sprang up to guard the gates,
With brawny backs, and bomb-proof pates.
Since to relate their names it meet is,
I'll do't : The first was Polypætes ;

Pirithous us'd to trim his mother,
And got him ; but who got the other
I can't assert, or when or where :
That he was got is pretty clear,
And christen'd too, because his dad
Call'd him Leontius when a lad :
Both from the Lapith race did spring,
Bold rogues as ever stretch'd a string.
Like two thick posts of oak or fir,
That neither carts nor drays can stir
(Though drunken draymen drive their dray
Against them forty times a day),
So firmly stood before the gates
This pair of bloods with wooden pates,
Nor car'd a straw what Asius' crew
Of roaring, noisy whelps could do ;
Tho' in his front Orestes was
Join'd with a buck call'd Acamas ;

And Onomaus did appear
With serjeant Thoon in the rear.
But all the airs that they could put on
Did hardly signify a button.
They made a dreadful hubble bubble,
But got their labour for their trouble.
The besom-shafts that hit the gates,
And those that hit these fellows' pates,
Bounc'd with the very self-same sound,
From gates and pates upon the ground;
Which proves that both were sure enough
Made of the self-same kind of stuff.
But still these Lapiths fight and bawl,
And on the Grecian blackguards call:
Yet tho' they saw the rascals run,
As English guards by chance have done,
They ventur'd by themselves to stay,
Nor would they stir an inch, not they.





Book XII. — page 399.

*Now whilst the Greeks possession keep
 O' the walls, they box it ancle deep,
 To save their rotten boats & lighters —
 The Devil never saw such fighters.*

Like Amadis de Gaul, these elves
Fac'd a whole army by themselves.
Thus have I seen in bushy grounds
Two badgers fight a pack of hounds,
Bite to the bone each forward whelp,
And make the puppies run and yelp :
So these two bucks maintain the battle,
Tho' broomstaves made their noddles rattle.

Now whilst the Greeks possession keep
O' th' walls, they box it ancle deep
To save their rotten boats and lighters—
The devil never saw such fighters.
As when a keen north wind doth blow,
And brings along both sleet and snow,
You cannot see, so fast it snows,
Above a yard before your nose :
As thick as this, or very nigh,
Brickbats and stones and broomshafts fly,

Spring from their buff-skins with a bound,
And hollow pates and potlids sound.
When Asius found his labour lost,
To make these hangdogs quit their post,
Nor stir an inch, do all he could,
He then began to damn his blood ;
And in a furious passion cries,
Rot me but Jove himself tells lies !
Else we should long ago have sous'd 'em,
And either in the salt-sea dows'd 'em,
Or fir'd their boats and sing'd the dogs,
As city butchers singe their hogs.
But like a swarm of wasps hard prest,
That gather thick to guard their nest,
Like them, this spiteful Grecian fry
Kick, scratch, and bite, and sting, and die.
But what most frets my guts and gall,
Two thick-skull'd scoundrels stop us all ;

'Tis easier far to break the gates
Than either of these rascals' pates.

Whilst thus he fum'd as if he'd split.
Jove did not mind his noise a bit,
But sat consid'ring with great care,
How all the glory he could spare
Might fall to honest Hector's share. }
Like a poor taylor pinch'd for cloth
To make a suit, yet very loth
To give it up, and leave undone
A job he'd set his heart upon ;
So Jove, who promis'd Troy he'd let 'em
Kick all the Greeks about, and sweat 'em,
Was rather puzzled how he might
Manage this hubble-bubble fight, }
And not destroy the Grecians quite.

But yet he swears, though hard put to't,
(Like Snip the taylor with his suit)
He'd find some way to piece it out.

The Trojans tried the other gates,
And in return got broken pates ;
Nor was that all, for show'rs of stones
The foremost hit, and brake their bones.
O Butler's spirit ! help me out
To sing each deed and hero stout ;
How Greece, like battle-royal cocks,
Both gave and took most bloody knocks,
Whilst all the gods, for whom these sinners
Had often cook'd up handsome dinners,
Durst neither wag a hand or foot
To help their crony Grecians out—
Not but they long'd to join the riot ;
Jove made the rogues and jades be quiet.

But tho' the Grecian gods were civil,
Yet by th' assistance of the devil,
Or some old Scots or Lapland witches,
This pair of thick-skull'd sons of bitches
In mighty wrath kept boxing on,
And knock'd the foremost Trojans down.
One Damasus, a bully rock,
A fellow that would nim a smock
From off a hedge if it was loose,
Or steal a barn-door fowl or goose,
From Polypætes got a pat,
That knock'd his brains out thro' his hat ;
Then Ormenus he tumbled down,
And crack'd poor Peter Pylon's crown.
An honest soul that kept a pot-house
A little way from Greening's hot-house.
Leonteus then began to stickle,
And laid Hippomachus in pickle—

He kept, before the Trojan war,
An oilman's shop near Temple-bar—
Next wav'd his quarter-staff, and soon
A buckle-maker of renown,
Antiphates, came rumbling down :
Just as he stepp'd from out the ranks
He reach'd his legs and broke his shanks.
Iamenus, a great hot-presser,
With Menon too, a leather-dresser ;
He nick'd them as full butt they came on,
And in his passion laid a lame on,
By which the first got finely press'd,
And t'other had his skin well dress'd.
Orestes last, a country put,
Got such a cursed knock o' th' gut,
It made him gape so wide, the swain
Could never shut his mouth again.
Now Hector and Polydamas
Were cuffing at another pass,

Back'd by a blust'ring Trojan crew
Of fellows pick'd, and all true blue,
Resolv'd to fire the Grecian fleet,
And Hector just stark mad to see't ;
When, lo ! i' th' midst of all the fight,
A most uncommon dreadful sight
Did all their high-flown courage cool,
And almost brought 'em to a stool :
A heron, going out to steal
Some fish for breakfast, caught an eel,
Which he soon gobbled down to fill him,
But did not take much time to kill him ;
On which the eel made such a rout
Within his gut, he let him out
Just at the very time he flew
Over this noisy, roaring crew.
But the poor heron scream'd so loud
To lose his breakfast, all the crowd

Whipp'd up their eyes to look, and soon
They saw the eel come wriggling down :
The dreadful sight amaz'd 'em so,
You might have fell'd 'em with a straw.
The wise Polydamas we find
Rumbled this matter in his mind,
But could not from his gizzard pluck
The eel, it in his stomach stuck ;
On which he with a sapient look
Thus to his brother Hector spoke :

Brother, says he, you often swear
When you my faithful counsel hear ;
And tho' I speak but what I think,
You like a heathen damn and sink ;
But I'm a Trojan, and shan't cease
To speak my mind in war or peace ;
All Englishmen that do so now
The people call them Trojans true.

Then take my counsel, if you choose it ;
If not, you're welcome to refuse it :
'Tis for your credit what I say,
For you command, and I obey ;
This day depend you'll never do't
(Don't swear till you have heard me out) ;
The truth I never will conceal ;
This long-legg'd bird that sh— the eel,
Jove sent just now to let us know
How matters with ourselves will go.
The bird had gobbled up his prey,
But could not carry it away.
Thus will it fare with us, depend on't :
I'm sure it will, so mark the end on't :
For though we tumble down the wall,
And fire their rotten boats and all,
I'll eat my hat, if Jove don't drop us,
Or play some queer rogue's trick to stop us.

This by my second-sight I know,
And Endor's witch will tell you so ;
Or if she won't, by holy Paul,
I'll make her conjure up king Saul !

Hector replies in sober sadness :
You'd make a man eat hay for madness ;
Blast your long jaws, you conj'ring knave
Is this the best advice you have ?
You know much better things, I'm clear,
But dare not speak your mind for fear.
Did not Jove send down Madam Iris,
The rainbow wench, whose tail on fire is.
To tell us we their bones should thwack ?
Then who the devil would turn back ?
Did not his rusty bombshell roll
Till it half crack'd his mustard bowl ?
And all the noise was to the right,
Only to egg us on to fight :
And think you I'll such orders slight,

Or let a slipp'ry eel, God wot,
Tell me if I shall fight or not?
I own I may a motion feel
To eat a slice of collar'd eel;
But eels can never, I've a notion,
Make Hector feel a running motion,
Unless they make his bowels loose,
Then make him run to th' little house.
A brave man waves his cudgel high,
Asking no witch the reason why,
But for his country's cause ding-dong
Lets fly his broomstick right or wrong.
For thy part, I am pretty sure,
Let who will fall thou'lt sleep secure;
When all thy friends by scores are dropping,
Thou'lt find some dirty hole to pop in;
And, in the steps of Paris treading,
Secure a hole to put your head in.

But if a single Trojan follows
Such rogue's examples, by Apollo's
Red fiery whiskers I shall soon
Be up with you and crack your crown !
I'll keep this broomstick ready for you,
So mind your hits, look sharp and stir you.

At this he ran, and made a halloo
For all his ragged rogues to follow.
These trusty Trojans one and all
Obey their roaring leader's call ;
Like him they run and roar and shout,
And make their broomsticks fly about.
Then Jove from Ida sent a gust,
And blinded all the Greeks with dust—
A stratagem he just then thought on
Would greatly help this Trojan Broughton.
Thus back'd by Jove, these roysters batter
The walls and gates with dreadful clatter,

Pull up the stakes that fence the wall,
And down the dirt and pebbles fall.
But still the half-blind Grecians yet
Battled as high as they could get,
And sent a nimble-footed swain
To beg the tanners in Long-lane
Would lend them all their hides in hair,
And tann'd ones too that they could spare,
With horns and hoofs ; all which they laid
To stop the gaps that Hector made ;
Then close, and box it tooth and nail,
Whilst horns and broomsticks fly like hail.

The two Ajaces stirr'd their stumps,
And, whilst they deal most bitter thumps
Amongst the Trojans, were not slack
To clap their comrades on the back,
The brave recover'd soon their fright,
But rogues they kick'd to make 'em fight ;

Whilst one employ'd both foot and hand
In drubbing rogues that durst not stand,
The other spoke these words, or near it—
And no bad speech—but you shall hear it:

Ye Grecians, who at country fairs
Have shewn yourselves good cudgel-players,
By which you've got both hats and fame—
And ye who hope to do the same—
Tho' ev'ry man can't box his two,
Yet something ev'ry man may do ;
The strong good sturdy thumps may deal
To make yon scoundrel Trojans feel,
And roar as loud as they, and louder ;
The weak will make good food for powder.
A day is come when great and small
Must look out sharp, there's work for all,
And ev'ry buck that is but bold
May gain new fame, or splice the old,

Hearten the valiant on, and stop
The sneaking rogues that give it up.
Then tune your rusty windpipes all,
And roar as loud as you can bawl ;
For tho' we yield to Troy in whoring,
We sure can match the dogs in roaring :
Thus, if Jove pleases, we once more
May drub 'em as we've done before.

 This speech reviv'd their courage so,
That showers of broken pots they throw.
Have you not seen a sodomite
Advanc'd a very proper height
Upon a rare machine, which we,
The vulgar, call a pillory ?
So fast and thick the crowd below
Their rotten eggs and dung bestow,
You see in less than half an hour
The rogue and pillory cover'd o'er :

So fast did broken pots and stones
Fly down to break the Trojans' bones.

Now Hector and his bucks did strive
The gates from off the hooks to drive ;
But did not gain of ground one inch,
Nor would the purblind Grecians flinch.
Jove quickly saw some help they'd need on,
So sent his bastard, bold Sarpedon,
And blew his courage up so high,
He did not seem to walk, but fly ;
A greasy leather coat he wore,
And high in air his potlid bore ;
A mighty furious targe it was,
Made of a cow-skin tipp'd with brass.
He shook two broomstaves thick and strong.
And frowning lugg'd his knaves along.
Thus have I seen an ill-look'd thief,
By sailors call'd a press-gang chief,

Look fierce, tho' by a mob pursu'd,
And ston'd and hiss'd at by the crowd ;
Yet, spite of all the distant war,
Seizes some helpless, friendless tar :
Just so this roaring blade Sarpedon
His Lycian shirtless rogues did lead on.
Darting such looks against the wall,
As if he'd eat it stones and all ;
Then squinting at his trusty friend,
Who always did his steps attend,
Thus speaks : I'm sore afraid, friend Glaucus,
That all the neighbourhood will joke us.
What boots it then to have it said,
That we chief constables are made,
And therefore with churchwardens dine,
Where we drink beer, and punch, and wine
Free gratis *, whilst poor rascals gape,
And as we pass 'em bow and scrape ?

* Free gratis.—The common people always put these two words together.

What signifies these honours, if
We don't exceed these raff and riff
As much, or rather more, in fighting,
Than either reading well or writing,
Making the thick-skull'd varlets stare
To see us buy our posts so dear,
And own we've earn'd by toil and sweat
More pudding than we e'er shall get?
Then will each cry, Such folks may be
Chief constables, or lords, for me.
Could all our cares but save our breath,
Or ward a broken pate from death,
I would not ask my friend to fight,
More might be lost than gotten by't.
But since grim Death will, soon or late
Lend us a swingeing knock o' th' pate,
Whether, when once the fray's begun,
We stay to box it out or run,
And Old Age with his grizzle locks,
Add gouty pains t' our half-cur'd pox,

The life that brandy, whores, and claps
Will help old Time to steal by scraps,
Let's boldly risque ; that people may,
Whene'er our names are mention'd, say,
With one consent, both young and old,
These honest souls are hearts of gold.

The speech was hardly clos'd, when this chief
Found his friend ready cock'd for mischief ;
The Lycians shake their staves, and follow
Their leaders with a whoop and halloo.
As they mov'd forward, Peteus' son
Look'd sharp, and saw them coming on ;
Which put him in so great a fright,
His long lank hair stood bolt upright,
And in his weem he felt a motion
As if he'd ta'en a purging potion ;
But what was worst, he hardly felt it
Above a moment, ere he smelt it :

On which he peep'd about to spy
If any trusty Greeks were nigh—
When to his joy he saw the places
Where Teucer stood with both th' Ajaces,
Fighting like devils on a row;
To whom he roars, Soho, Soho!
But might as well have sav'd his wind
To cool his pottage; for we find
The clatt'ring cudgels made such noise
As would have drown'd old Stentor's voice,
Full on the walls their broomstaves bump,
And on the gates their brickbats thump,
Making such fearful din and rout,
Jove's thunder seem'd but farting to't.
When thus Menestheus speaks to Thoos;
Those Lycian rogues to hell will blow us,
If you don't run and tell th' Ajaces,
How lamentably bad our case is;

Urge them to scamper to our aid,
For, o' my soul, I'm sore afraid
Of that same roaring Lycian blade.
Say from yourself, Pray how the pox,
Can he defend his sentry-box,
And all alone make good his quarters
'Gainst such a host of Lycian Tartars?
But if hard switch'd themselves they are,
Beg they will bully Ajax spare,
Along with serjeant Teucer, who
Can do good bus'ness with his bow.

Away he starts, and like a man
Through all the crowd the beadle ran ;
He found the bullies on the plain
Boxing it till they smok'd again :
To whom he cries, Whilst here you fight
With riff raff rogues from morn to night,

Menestheus, in a sad condition,
Has sent me humbly to petition,
That some of you great heroes stout
Will come with me and help him out ;
For two great Lycian bullies now
Threaten to thrash him black and blue :
But adds, if on this dang'rous pinch
You seem afraid these buffs will flinch,
He humbly hopes great Ajax, you Sir,
Will come along with serjeant Teucer.

At this great Ajax faced about
To go himself and help him out ;
But tho' he was no friend to jawing,
And knew 'twas time he should be going,
He thought it proper now to say
Something before he march'd away :
Brave Lycomede, and you Oileus,
Says he, look sharp, and you shall see us

Go drub yon lousy rogues, and then
We'll in a twink be back again ;
But take great care you both stand fast,
And battle till your broomsticks last ;
For, if you let your courage fail ye,
Depend these Trojan whelps will nail ye !
Then call'd Pandion, Hark ye, you Sir,
Come here and take this bow for Teucer :
Since Hector gave him such a fell blow
Upon his stomach and his elbow,
The harmless lad can scarce with ease
Lug his own share of bread and cheese.
Then with long strides the thick-legg'd elf
Carried his potlid and himself.
Next Teucer after him did go,
And then Pandion with the bow.

Now on the wall the Lycians lower
Like a black heavy thunder shower ;

The Greeks, tho' mighty weak i' the joints,
Receive 'em on their broomstick points,
Renew the fray with double force,
And roar till they're with roaring hoarse ;
And 'midst their bawling and their hissing
They cried, to keep themselves from p—g ;
Finding their water would come out,
They thought it best, without dispute,
Rather than wet both breeks and thighs,
To let it bubble——through their eyes.

Whilst thus they scuffle, Ajax soon
Came up, and fetch'd Epicles down.
A bottle friend of this Sarpedon,
And one that he had often need on ;
Because like him no man, 'tis said,
Could ferret out a maidenhead :
By which you see he was an imp,
By honest people call'd a pimp ;

But royal pimps despise disgrace,
Because they're sure to get a place,
Tho' their own sisters they should dish up,
And then stand pimp like scoundrel B——.

The clumsy Greek had pois'd his stick,
When he espy'd a double brick
Had tumbled from the wall: not two
Of our poor dogs could throw it now ;
Nor even with both hands could raise
(They made large bricks in former days) :
He swung it round, away it fled
Ten yards above the Lycian's head,
Then fell upon the varlet's crown,
And with a rattle brought him down.
Have you not seen the yonkers make
A diving-match upon the lake ?
Halfpence are to the bottom thrown,
Which he that fetches calls his own

And that they may the deeper sink
Pop from the trees that shade the brink :
Thus did the luckless Lycian fall,
And nimbly div'd from off the wall ;
But did not when he touch'd the plain
So nimbly find his legs again.
Glaucus was lugging at a stick,
When Teucer gave his arm a prick ;
But as he knew his varlets would
All scamper, if they saw his blood,
He took good care to hide the gap,
And whipp'd it under his coat lap ;
Then finding he must leave the fray,
Like an old fox he stole away.
Sarpedon saw, and angry grew
To lose his pimp and bully too ;
But his great fury to engage,
Soon made him turn his grief to rage.

He seiz'd that time his staff to lay on
A harmless Grecian call'd Alcmaon,
A commissary's clerk, no fighter,
But an accountant and a writer :
Instant a bloody riv'let flows
From the unlucky varlet's nose,
And as upon the grass he tumbled
His inkhorn 'gainst his ruler rumbled.
Sudden the wall the conqu'ror shakes,
And pulls up all the hedging-stakes :
With such a force he shook, that soon
Rubbish by pecks came tumbling down,
And made a gap as large and wide
As Madam * * * 's, that would, if tried,
Admit in any kind of weather,
Two troopers on a breast together.
At this bold Teucer twang'd his bow,
And Ajax let a broomshaft go ;

The arrow stuck upon his belt,
The besom-shaft his potlid felt :
But tho' with rage the stick was cast hard,
Jove swore it should not hurt his bastard.
Howe'er his fury did not slack,
Altho' he drew a little back,
Not with design to run, but that
He might repay 'em tit for tat.
Loud as a bell in Stepney steeple
He thus encouraged all his people :
 Lycians, who feast on cakes and ale,
Let not your noble courage fail,
Else Trojans will be apt to think
Soup meagre's been your meat and drink.
You see with many a bitter rap
I've made at last a handsome gap,
But I shall never gain the top,
Unless you help to shove me up ;

Therefore let's join our jowls together,
And pelt 'em spite of wind and weather.
The Lycians heard this speech, and slap
They ran like smoke to reach the gap.
The Greeks stood stiffly, and as soon
As they came up they knock'd 'em down ;
Nor did the Lycians, tho' so stout,
Force in, or yet be quite kept out.
Thus have I seen within a college
Two learned owls of little knowledge
Dispute for hours, and, when they'd done,
Leave off as wise as they begun ;
Nor would they in the annual round
Obtain or lose one inch of ground ;
For, you'll observe, a learned tup
Tho' wrong will never give it up.
Just such a stubborn bout this was
To gain or lose the dusty pass.

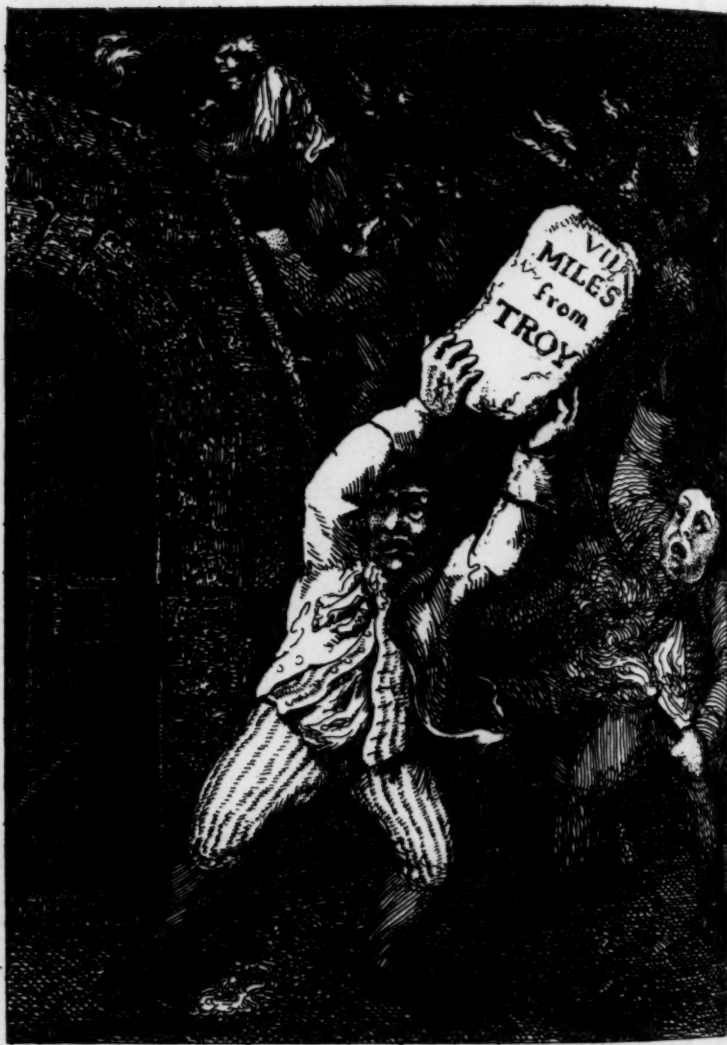
Many bold Trojans' ribs were smack'd,
And many a Grecian's noddle crack'd ;
Whilst many a nose ran down with blood,
And soak'd these dusty walls of mud.
Under the Privy-Garden wall
Two cupboard-doors compose a stall ;
Here you may see old Moggy Briggs
With caution weigh her rotten figs ;
No cast o' th' scale she gives the boys,
But sells her ware on equal poise :
Thus neither Greece nor Troy prevails,
But stand like Moggy's rusty scales,
Till bully Hector thund'ring came,
And threw his weight upon the beam ;
Mad as a bull he scales the walls,
And for his trusty Trojans calls ;
Come here, and bring each man a match,
And we'll the lucky moment catch,

And then depend on't in a twinkum,
We'll either burn their boats or sink 'em.

His voice once heard, these Trojan fighters
Bring out their linkboys and lamplighters ;
Not one of all the ragged pack
But lugg'd a ladder on his back,
Which they against the hedgestakes prop,
And in a moment reach the top.
Straight on the walls, the Greeks to fright,
Appear'd to their astonish'd sight
A fearful and amazing light :
Their small remains of courage sinks
To see such shoals of lamps and links.
Then Hector snatch'd up such a stone
As Brandy Nanny stands upon
In Paul's church-yard ; it weigh'd I guess
'Bout half a ton, or more or less ;

Ten porters, strong as can be found,
Would hardly lift it from the ground
(In these our days of sloth and ease,
When porters work just as they please) :
Yet this as easily he flung
As I could do a dried neat's tongue.
But Jove himself, you'll understand,
Lent him a sort of helping hand :
And in these days great Jove could do
As much as Popish saints can now.
Thus arm'd, he ran t' attack the gates,
Tho' rivetted with iron plates :
Nestor, who when the common weal
Requir'd his help, could gravely steal
(A trade that soldiers quickly learn),
Had stole 'em from a farmer's barn,
Then drove 'em thick with heads of nails,
Such as you see in country jails,





Book XII. — page 431.

*These gates (though stronger gates could not
At such a time of need be got)
Were quite unable to resist
This weighty stone and mutton fist.*

Where nails are driven all about
To hinder thieves from stealing out :
These gates, though stronger gates could not
At such a time of need be got,
Were quite unable to resist
This weighty stone and mutton fist :
With wondrous force he drove it through
The plank, and broke the bars in two ;
In twenty thousand splinters shatter'd,
The farmer's rotten gates lay scatter'd.
But what compleated all the jumble,
One gate from off the hinge did tumble.
Then Hector roar'd, Have at your pates !
And darted headlong through the gates :
In either hand he shook a stick,
And look'd as if he'd eat 'em quick :
For strength of fists and breadth of back,
He beat the giant-killer Jack ;

And, moving with resistless force,
 Seem'd an o'ermatch for man and horse.
 The Trojans with a dismal yell
 Follow'd their thund'ring chief pell-mell,
 Whilst the poor Grecians all let fly,
 And ran to wipe their breeches dry.



END OF VOLUME II.

